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DOROTHY FORSTER

A Novel

By WALTER BESANT

AUTHOR OF 'ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN,' 'THE CAPTAINS' ROOM,' 'ALL IN A GARDEN FAIR,' ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. II.

London

CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY

1884

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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER		PAGE
XII.	FRANK RADCLIFFE - - - -	1
XIII.	CHRISTMAS EVE - - - -	17
XIV.	CHRISTMAS TO TWELFTH NIGHT - -	39
XV.	NEW YEAR'S DAY - - - -	67
XVI.	A STRANGE THING - - -	83
XVII.	HE LOVES ME - - - -	104
XVIII.	A CASE OF CONSCIENCE - - -	119
XIX.	MY DECISION - - - -	138
XX.	HER LADYSHIP'S LETTER - - -	170
XXI.	MR. HILYARD'S DREAM - - -	188
XXII.	THE FUGITIVE - - - -	211
XXIII.	WHAT WILL HE DO? - - -	231
XXIV.	THE MEETING AT GREENRIG - -	245
XXV.	THE FIRST DAYS - - - -	261

DOROTHY FORSTER.

CHAPTER XII.

FRANK RADCLIFFE.

The second of the brothers came seldom. He was a grave lad: he neither laughed nor made merry, nor rode a-hunting like his two brothers. In figure he was the tallest of the three; but stooped in walking, so that he seemed the shortest. He was possessed of a strange melancholy, of which he was never quite free, although sometimes he would seem to shake it off and talk bravely for a while. He was like his uncle, Colonel Thomas Radcliffe, in his temperament, being as moody and as full of strange fancies.

'It is a disease,' said Mr. Hilyard, speaking of Francis Radcliffe's melancholia, 'for

which there is no known remedy, while the causes are subtle and manifold. The patients are subject to strange fancies and illusions; some have thought themselves made of glass and others of feathers; some are held down with fears, and others inflated like bladders with wild hopes; some suffer the curse of Apuleius, in that dead men's bones are always held before them: a strange disease indeed. Yet melancholy men, as Aristotle insisteth, are often witty.'

Mr. Hilyard, therefore, regarded this young gentleman with a peculiar curiosity, and loved nothing so much as to talk with him and learn his thoughts. First of all he discovered that this boy was strangely given to the study of all books which he could find upon the unseen world, such as books on oracles, conjuring, of spirits, predictions, astrology, and so forth. On meeting encouragement he opened his mind to Mr. Hilyard and took counsel with him. There was no subject in the world, I believe, in which our most ingenious Oxford scholar was not versed. Therefore Frank learned from him how to conjure spirits, raise the dead, cast nativities,

and so forth, and that is to say, all that books can teach.

'Which is,' Mr. Hilyard said, 'everything except the essential. I mean, Mr. Radcliffe, that you may question the stars, but you must read their answer yourself, because they are silent; and you may question the dead —these books tell you how—but I doubt if they will reply.'

Nevertheless they began to amuse themselves with casting horoscopes and nativities, erecting celestial figures and the houses of heaven; Mr. Hilyard all the time protesting that the thing was a foolish invention, and useful only in that it taught something of the planetary courses. Yet he, like his pupil, watched anxiously for the event; and when, not in one case only, that of Frank himself, but also of the Earl and my brother Tom, the future which they hoped to find lovely and fortunate came out gloomy and threatening, all the signs menacing, Mr. Hilyard became terrified and would have no more of it, saying that though it was a vain thing, yet to continue in it might be the sin of tempting Providence, such as that committed

by Saul; and that as for him, he would ask of the stars no more. Now if the future they had seen in this mirror of coming time had been bright and happy, would they have ceased to inquire? I think not; and strange it is that this thing which so many learned men and philosophers teach us to despise, is yet on occasion believed in even by themselves.

We had many conversations upon these subjects, which, like the tales of ghosts, are always curious to people of every age and rank. Mr. Hilyard, after speaking of the practice among the ancients, one day discoursed upon the common and vulgar methods practised by people in all countries and in times ancient and modern.

'Some, for instance,' he said, 'look in a magic ball of glass, when they see not only the future but also the present, and what is being done in far countries. Others fill a basin with water, and behold the same as in a mirror. Others read the future by dreams, and others by cards; while by the flight and number of birds, the crowing of cocks, the first words heard in the morning,

the luck of the day is determined. Some have placed barley on the letters of the alphabet, and noted the order in which a fowl will pick up the ears.'

'My maid Jenny,' I said, 'reads fortunes by the hand.'

'It is palmistry,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'and a most curious art, though, like the rest, it is vain and useless; while, it hath been held by some, the Lord hath stamped the future of man upon every feature, so that, if we could learn it, we might read in the curve of an eyebrow, the lines of the lips, the turn of the chin, a sure and certain prognostic of what will happen to us before we die. With your permission, Miss Dorothy, we will examine the girl in this matter.'

Jenny was called, and I asked her first to read my hand. She replied, looking ashamed, that she had read it many times; but when I commanded her to tell me what she saw there, she hesitated and changed colour, and then replied, like a gipsy at a fair when you cross her hand with a groat, that there was a fair young gentleman of a great estate, and that she saw a wedding-

ring and happiness as long as a summer day, with beautiful children. But it was manifest that she said what she thought would please me. Then Mr. Hilyard bade her look at Mr. Frank's hand, into which she peered long and with a strange curiosity. After a while she dropped his hand, and turned to Mr. Hilyard, saying:

'Now yours, sir,' and read it glibly as if from a book, saying, 'The line of life is long, but the course of love is crossed. There is wealth for you, and honour; but no wife and no children. No one hath everything.'

'But mine,' cried Frank,—'what is mine?'

But she replied not, running away. When afterwards I rebuked her, she acknowledged that she could not tell him what she read, so bad and unlucky it was. She also told me that her grandmother, the old gipsy woman of whom I have spoken, had also told the fortune of Mr. Frank by cards, and that it came the same as her own telling, which made me marvel.

'Ask no more,' said Mr. Hilyard; 'and you, girl, keep these things to yourself, else

the people will get strange notions into their heads.'

The people had already got into their heads strange notions. First this girl of mine had filled the place with the terror of the ghosts she saw. Next it was said that she was a witch, and ought to be thrown into a pond. Perhaps that would have been done, but for fear of us. Then it was said that she had bewitched a certain young fellow of the place named Job Oliver, a hind. They told Mr. Hilyard that Job would do whatever foolish things Jenny told him to do; that he would sometimes rise when she was not in the company, and say that Jenny called him, and so go to her; that he looked not as he was wont to look, but went about with eyes distracted and trembling hands.

'She is a witch,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'just as all women are witches; and she hath bewitched this foolish lad. But the only arts, I think, are those which she practises in common with all her sex, namely, her eyes and her face. In a word, the fellow is in love.'

I spoke to her on the subject, and she con-

fessed, though she looked confused, that it was as Mr. Hilyard said, and that if the man chose to be in love with her she could not help it; perhaps he did and said foolish things, but she could not help that either; and he must do what he pleased. The girl was saucy about it, but yet one could not reprove her, because it makes every woman saucy and self-conceited, when a man is in love with her. When she crossed the quadrangle or entered any of their houses, the people looked askance and put thumb in fingers, but yet were monstrous civil, because they feared her. Witch or not, she did none of them any harm (I do not believe that a pig which died at this time was overlooked by her, though this was charged upon her). As for Job, after we went away he presently recovered, looked about him, became once more a cheerful wight, forgot his enchantress, and married another woman, who made him happy in such sort as rustics understand happiness; that is to say, every year a thumping boy or girl, and every Sunday a great dish of fat bacon. And as for Jenny herself, she paid no heed to what was

thought, but went about with an impudent answer for all except her mistress, and a saucy laugh, and singing as she went, as if there was no such thing in the world at all as witchcraft, and she had no powers and gifts above those generally conferred upon young maids—namely, the bewitching of eyes and face, soft speech, and lovely limbs. Yet all the time a deceitful hussy. I knew not then, though I learned afterwards, that she met Frank Radcliffe secretly, and taught him, I believe, her arts of prediction, and even sent him to see her wicked old grandmother (who I am quite sure was another Witch of Endor), when the camp came once to Hexham. What they told him, between them, I know not; but in the end it became manifest what a gipsy woman can do when a young gentleman is foolish enough to listen to her wiles.

Not knowing these things, I begged Frank to give up this pursuit of his, as a useless, idle, and curious practice. He acknowledged that the priest gave him similar admonition, but yet that he continued, though he knew that he was wrong. Religion forbids it, that

is most sure; if the art were sure and certain, he is foolish, indeed, who seeks to know the coming misery, or anticipates the coming happiness. Let us only live in the present, looking forward with sure and certain hope to the life where there will be no shedding of tears or thought of trouble. Why could not Frank let the future alone? The present, which he spoiled by this curiosity, should have been to him full of happiness, because he had everything that the world has to give — youth, health, strength, riches, and a good heart. What more doth God give to any?

'Why,' said Frank, 'what am I to do? There is nothing in this country for a Catholic gentleman to do. We may not hold commissions in the army; we cannot act as magistrates; we cannot enter the Universities; we cannot go into Parliament; we can hold no office, and are cut off from all employment. What wonder if some of us sit down to drink and hunt, and nothing more? Why should the country be afraid of a handful of gentlemen who have kept their old faith?'

Truly it was a hard case; yet what to do?

We must not have the Pope's subjects in our Houses of Parliament.

'Well,' he went on, 'what am I to do with myself? I am a younger son, with a younger son's portion—enough, but not great riches. You have shut up all the doors; you treat us with suspicion and contempt; you call us Papists. I knew not till we came home how despised a creature is an English Catholic.'

'Nay,' I said, for the young man had worked himself into a passion, and the tears were in his eyes, 'you have but to ride through any village in Northumberland to see the contempt with which a Radcliffe is regarded. Fie, Master Frank! you have been abroad so long that you know not the English heart. It may be, as you say, that the Catholics are excluded from civil rights. Is it not because it is believed that you love Pope first and King second? But it cannot be that there is nothing for you to do.'

'Oh yes,' he said bitterly, 'there is always something. I may go to Douay, and so presently come back with shaven crown, and even be made some day, if I am fortunate, a Bishop *in partibus*.'

All this was true. There were here three brothers rich in gifts and graces. The eldest should have been a great statesman, the second a great scholar, and the third a soldier.

Yet because their grandfather chose to remain in the old religion, when the people were ordered to change for the new (because it is foolish to suppose that all the country gentlemen and the very rustics and hinds had wit and learning wherewith to argue for or against the faith), they were all condemned to idleness. Wherefore the eldest, who had the estates, the wealth, and the power, resolved on spending his life in good works, and the advancement of the poor committed to his trust; and the second became melancholy, and troubled himself about things hidden from mankind; and the third—he was only a boy as yet—was going to become a beau, and to follow all the pleasures of the town. Why, what a waste of gifts was here! And all for the Mass which stood between.

'As for my lord,' said Tom, 'he is very well. He rides as straight as can be expected. His shooting will improve, and no doubt he will learn to put his money on matches and

fights, though at present he cares little about such sport. And as for Charles, it is a promising boy and well-plucked. But as for Frank, he does nothing at all; he will neither laugh, nor sing, nor drink, nor hunt—what is to be done with him? Tony, he loves your company. Can you make nothing of him? Can you not even make him drink?'

'Indeed, sir,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'the English law opens to a young gentleman who is a Papist no opportunity at all for distinction. He must therefore either be made a priest or remain a sportsman. He has his choice between a saint and a cock-fighter. Mr. Frank, though born to be a scholar, has little calling to the saintly profession, and none at all for cock-fighting. So that unless he changes his disposition or his creed, he is likely to remain in his present melancholy.'

'As for the cure of melancholy,' Mr. Hilyard went on, 'there are many things enumerated by the learned Burton. Borage, for instance, or bugloss, of which Helena's famous bowl was made, after drinking which she felt no grief or remorse; marigold, put

into broth; hop, which may be infused into ale, and taken by melancholy men with advantage; betony, the root of which is sovereign for the causing of mirth; penny-royal, wormwood, and other herbs, any of which may be taken by Mr. Francis without fear.'

'Give him,' said Tom, 'a bowl of punch after a day's hunting; make him dance after a pretty woman. A fig for all your herbs, and broths, and messes, Tony! Betony for the causing of mirth! Why, then, to-night, instead of whisky punch you may have a mess of betony.'

But Frank Radcliffe's case was beyond the reach of herbs, and not even a bowl of punch would help—partly because he could not drink punch.

I spoke about him to my lord, who owned that he could do nothing for his brother.

'There is among us a strain of melancholy. My uncle, Thomas Radcliffe, hath it, and cannot be cured, though he wears a chalcedony in a ring, and hath taken medicines of all kinds, both simple and mineral, yet none to cure him. I doubt not Frank will be like

him. Yet it is a good sign that he sometimes leaves the library to come here. The law, of which he justly complains, is hard upon us all. Yet we cannot alter it by crying. The Jesuit Fathers made of him a great scholar, and wanted to make him one of themselves, and in the end a priest—nay, perhaps a Bishop, or even a Cardinal. Higher than that one need not look unless one is an Italian, when the Triple Crown itself of Christ's Vicar on earth is possible. It is long since we had a Bishop in the family, and a Cardinal never. But if Frank will not, he must content himself with having such amusements as he can find for himself which will please a simple scholar and a private gentleman. He will grow wiser and merrier in time as he grows older. Meantime, we are as yet strangers in the country, and have much to learn. For the people are not like the people whence we have come; the gentlemen are not like those at St. Germain's; the ladies are not like those my mother (who hath never seen the north) taught me to expect—namely, hoops and patches and courtesies and fine sayings,

instead of Arcadian shepherdesses, and the charms of Nature—and fair Dorothy.'

Alas! To think that the melancholy of this unhappy young gentleman was caused by so humble and insignificant a person as my maid Jenny. Yet, strange as it seems, there is, in fact, no person in the world so humble and so insignificant — not even a shepherd boy, a hind, a stable-help, a scullion — but he can do mischief. The story how one was so desirous to achieve fame and so helpless by himself, being dull of understanding and unlearned, that he was fain to fire and destroy the noblest temple in Asia Minor, the ruins of which remain to this day, and have been seen by travellers, is, I think, an allegory.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Now I come to tell of a fortnight of so much happiness that I can never forget it, or tire of remembering it. Every day—nay, every hour of that happy time, lives still in my mind, though it is now nearly thirty years ago, and I, who was then eighteen, am now well-nigh fifty, and am no more beautiful. This matters not, and before long, if it please merciful Heaven, I shall be beautiful again. This time was so happy to me because it changed an admirer into a lover, and a woman who waits for love into a woman who has received love. Call me not an old maid, I pray you, though I am no wedded wife and mother of a husband's children, because I have enjoyed the love of a man and exchanged with him those sweet

endearments which are innocent and lawful between a young man and a maid who love each other. She alone is an old maid who hath never been wooed; into whose eyes no lover hath gazed to rob her of her heart; whose hands have never been pressed; whose ears have never listened to the fond exaggerations with which a lover pleads his passion, and tries to tell how great and deep it is, though words fail. But, as for me, I have been loved by many, and I have loved one—yea, I have loved him—alas! alas!—with all my heart and with all my soul; yet, I hope and pray, with innocency of heart, so that this my passion may not be laid to my charge, for though I loved him well, I loved, or tried to love, my God better. And this, too, I will show you.

The time was Christmas. My lord kept open house at Dilston for his friends and cousins, as many as chose to come (but he invited Tom and me); his farmers and tenants, and all the poor people around, even counting those of Hexham, so generous he was. During all the time from Christmas to Candlemas there was nothing but the roasting

of beef and the eating of it, with the drinking of ale and everyday amusements such as men of all sorts and conditions love: as quarterstaff, cudgels, wrestling, fighting with dogs and cocks, and so forth; the people of the town flocking to see it—the gentlemen not ashamed of getting a bloody crown from a rustic champion; the rustics proud to prove their mettle before the gentlemen, and pleased to drink to them afterwards. A busy and lively time—the maids running about to see the shows, and more eager to witness a wrestling-match than to do the dairy-work; the grooms talking and playing with the girls, and no one reproaching them; no one zealous for work but the cooks and serving-women, who had a hard time of it, poor souls, continually roasting, boiling, laying of cloths, bringing of meat, carving it for hungry men, carrying pails of beer and pouring it out into the brown jugs with their great heads of foam. Yet none grumbled: the more they served the merrier they became. Cooks are only happy when they are at work; between whiles they are irritable, short of temper, and grumbling at the hard-

ships of their lots and the shortcomings of scullions. But when they are bending over stew-pots and griddles, they are truly happy. Perhaps a sense of the blessings of plenty at such times is felt by their souls, so that, in a way we little regard, they may be lifted upward by the contemplation of a rib or sirloin, with fat and lean in goodly show. I have seen a cook gaze upon a leg of mutton with tears in her eyes, as one who hears a sweet strain of music, or considers the picture of a handsome man.

A girl who goes on a visit to so grand a house as Dilston, among ladies who have lived in London and gentlemen who know the splendours of a Court, is naturally troubled about her clothes, and thinks a great deal beforehand of the fine things she has to show. It would have gone hard with me, whose frocks were all of country-make and most of rough and cheap material (my petticoats for daily wear of homespun), but for the late visit of Lady Crewe. For I had no pin-money of my own, or any allowance from my father, who considered that I now belonged to Tom and her ladyship. For-

tunately I am clever with my needle, and so was my maid Jenny. Tom, poor fellow, had no money to give, because he spent it all in his amusements; all, that is, which he got from Durham. Besides, most men, though they are careful about their flowered waistcoats and gold buckles, seem to think that for women brocade grows wild on every hedge, and satin hangs in rolls from every tree. Now before she went away Lady Crewe called me to her room, and then, after causing me to be measured (which showed that we were both of a height), she brought out a great parcel of fine things—treasures, they seemed to me—saying kindly:

'Child, the granddaughter of Sir William Forster, of Bamborough, should be able to go as fine as her neighbours. Since thy brother loves to have thee with him, it shall be the care of thy mother's sister to see thee dressed becomingly on occasion, so that no one, gentle or simple, may think that a Forster is not as good a lady as any in the county.'

Had it not been for this munificent gift, which came in pudding-time, so to speak,

I should have gone to Dilston crying instead of laughing, because my petticoats were so short and my best frock so shabby. Alas! we grow old, and fine things, which once set off rosy cheeks and bright eyes, only serve now to hide the ravages of time.

So that, thanks to the kindness of Lady Crewe, I could reflect without dismay upon the grand dresses of the ladies Katharine and Mary; and though the day on which we rode across the dark moor to Dilston was so cold, with driving sleet and a bitter wind, that my horse was led and my face kept covered with a hood, my heart was quite warm when I remembered that on one of the pack-horses behind (I was fain to brave the blast in order to look back and see that the animal had not been blown away) were safely packed my silk-quilted petticoat, altered to fit my waist, and none could tell that it was not new; my French girdle, very pretty; my sable tippet lined with Italian lute-string; my velvet frock, made for Lady Crewe in London by a Court dressmaker, and very cunningly altered for me by Jenny—that girl should have made her fortune in dressmaking; my cambric

and laced handkerchiefs, laced tuckers and ruffles, French kid gloves, very fine (Tom gave me these, having bought them at Newcastle one day when he rode and won a match of twenty pounds a side); my satin apron; my French *à-la-mode* hood; my petticoat and mantua of French brocade; my cherry-coloured stays; and, for morning wear, my frocks of painted lawn, checkered shade, and watered tabby. As for my head-dress, I had considered this important subject with Jenny, and resolved that I would wear (as most suitable for my age and unmarried condition) a low coiffure, with falling lappets, such as Jenny could easily arrange, even though the elder ladies should think fit to appear every day in high commodes. I was also happy in the possession of an *étui*, which had been my grandmother's—a vastly pretty thing, with a gold watch, and places for scissors, knife, pencil, ivory tablets, box for thimble, another for aromatic vinegar, and a third for perfume (my favourite was from childhood the same as Lady Crewe's, namely, bergamot), and a multitude of pretty, old-fashioned things worked in gold, such

as little birdcages, eggs, tiny anchors, and so forth, and a seal with the family coat of arms and the Forster legend:

'Let us dearly then hold
To mind their worthiness,
That which our parents old
Hath left us to possess.'

Enough said of a simple girl's finery, though in truth it made me happy at the time to think that I could stand among great ladies and not be ashamed of my homely dress. Perhaps it makes me happy still (or rather less sorrowful) to remember the things which caused my first happiness. Mr. Hilyard (he came with us) says that a great Italian poet declares that the memory of past gladness makes more sad the present sorrow. It is presumptuous to set up an opinion against a poet; but this is very certain, that there is one woman to whom all her consolation (besides the hope of the future) lies in the memory of the past. Why is joy, which comes so rarely and flies so swiftly, given to men except to be a lasting memory and consolation? The summer of our North Country is short, and the winter

is long; yet all the year round we think of the sunshine, and in the cold winter eat with gratitude the fruits and harvests of the summer. So should it be with our hours, days, or years of happiness. In the cold winter which follows—love fled, friends dead, fortune lost, pride destroyed—our hearts should be warmed and our pains consoled by the mere thinking upon the vanished joys, just as I still think upon my stay at Dilston. Shall not an old man comfort himself with thinking of his former strength, and an old woman with the thought of her former beauty? I myself, being now in middle life and no longer comely, remember with grateful joy that my beauty once gave pleasure to all who looked upon it, loveliness in woman being, like the gracious sunshine, a gift for all alike, even to those who value it least and are insensible to its delight. To be sure, in those days I knew nothing of the pleasure which all men feel, rich and poor, young and old alike, though some are more insensible than others, in the contemplation of a lovely woman, so that some have beautiful faces painted on their snuff-

boxes, and do gaze upon them constantly, even to the wasting of their time and the troubling of their heads, as the Greek gazed upon and fell in love with, and pined for, his statue, until Venus changed the marble into flesh; though it hath never been related that a miracle was wrought with a snuff-box, and one has never heard that a painted face has been transformed into a beauteous damsel.

Well, Dilston was reached at last, after that cold ride; and you may be sure that Tom Forster bawled lustily for hot mulled ale. We found the castle full of the Radcliffes, and all the great house astir with guests and servants and preparations for the feast.

My expectations proved true. The ladies Katharine and Mary were richly dressed indeed; yet with something sombre and nun-like, as was said to be affected by Madame de Maintenon, the French King's wife. The gentlemen were dressed in the plain Northumberland fashion, except the Earl and his two brothers, who, after the manner in which they were brought up, dressed with great richness; even Charles,

the youngest—who was not yet at his full height, and only fifteen years of age, and wore his own hair tied behind with a crimson ribbon—had a silk coat, a flowered waistcoat, white silk stockings, and red-heeled shoes. Everybody was so good as to compliment me on the appearance which I made. Even the ladies kindly said that, though my maid was only a country girl, she had so dressed my hair as to give it a modish look, and that no one could have looped my frock better, or shown a richer petticoat.

'It is the first Christmas we have spent at home,' said the Earl. 'We must forget none of the old customs of the country. Besides, they are all Catholic customs, which is another reason for keeping them up.'

'Mr. Hilyard, my lord,' I said, 'will have it that many of these are pagan, though transferred to Catholicism, and long ago adopted by the Church.'

He laughed, and called me an obstinate little Puritan.

The supper was served in the great hall, decked with holly and mistletoe; a Yule-log was blazing upon the hearth; the side-tables

were dazzling with the Radcliffe plate; and the tables were covered with Yule-cakes, which are, in the north, shaped like a baby, and Christmas pies in form of a cradle, not to speak of goose-pies, shrid or mince pies, caraway-cakes, brawn, sirloins, turkeys, capons, hams and gammons, pheasants, partridges, hares, and everything good and fit for man's delight. When all was ready and the company assembled, they brought in the boar's head, maids and men following, all lustily singing—

'Nowell, Nowell.
Tidings good I have to tell.'

There were but moderate potations at the supper, but some of the gentlemen made up for it afterwards; and when supper was done, the company all left the table together and sat down to cards, which must never be omitted on Christmas Eve, if you never touch a card on any other day. There was a basset-table, and a quadrille-table, and a pool of commerce. I played at the last with my lord, Charles, and others; and I won twelve shillings, which made me tremble to think

what I should have done if I had lost so much. Indeed, I had not so much as twelve shillings in the world. After the cards we played another game—everybody to say what most he loved and least he liked. In such a history as this it would be folly to record how my lord vowed that most he loved Dorothy's smiles, and most he dreaded Dorothy's frowns. Nevertheless, it must be owned that these compliments are pretty things; they keep up the spirits and courage of a girl, and her good opinion of herself, which is a great thing. Mr. Errington, of Beaufront, who was one of the company, said many pleasant things, pretending to be twenty years younger, and to mistake me for my aunt, the beautiful Dorothy Forster, whose suitor he had been. Of course I knew that he flattered me; but yet I was pleased. To have such pretty things said by so old a man is like a sweet golden russet of last year in the month of April. As for Charles Radcliffe, that mad boy swore loudly that he would be Miss Dorothy's knight, and pranced about singing, with gestures like a Frenchman, that sweet old song:

'Charmante Gabrielle,
Percé de mille dards,
Quand la gloire m'appelle
A la suite de Mars,
Cruelle départie!
Malheureux jour!
Que ne suis je sans vie
Ou sans amour!'

'We are in England, Charles,' said his brother; 'we are at home. Let us have no French songs.'

For some of the gentlemen looked dissatisfied. The language of gallantry and compliment was not greatly to their liking, and Tom even burst out a-laughing at hearing his sister so praised and complimented. This made me blush far more than any compliment. One does not expect of a brother the praises and flatteries of a suitor; but at least he should not be wholly insensible to a sister's beauty, or laugh at men who praise it. But then Tom always loved his gun, his horse, his dog, and his bottle better than any woman. Presently he went away, with most of the others, to sit over the wine, and there were only left my lord and his brothers, the ladies, Mr. Howard, the old priest, and

Mr. Errington; and these, left to themselves, sat about the fire and told stories suitable to the time of year.

Strange, indeed, that men should be so venturesome as to doubt the truth of what hath been most abundantly proved! Yet Lord Derwentwater laughed at the stories of the Northumberland ghosts, for no other reason than that they had no ghosts at St. Germain's. But Mr. Howard, who had lived in the county before, and knew, shook his head, and the ladies looked at each other with surprise, and Mr. Errington solemnly reproved this doubter.

'My lord,' he said, 'there is not a Northumbrian, man, woman, or child, that believes not in the appearance of apparitions; nay, most of us have ourselves seen them. You have spent your youth in towns and Courts where, to be sure, there is little chance of meeting fairies. When you have learned the savage wildness of the moors, the solitude of the woods, and the silence of the long winter nights, you will speedily be converted, and doubt no more. Northumberland, without her ghosts and fairies, would be but half populated.'

'Truly,' said the Earl, 'one ghost, methinks, were as efficacious as a hundred for the conversion of a doubter.'

He then spread a cushion on the carpet, and sat or lay upon it at my feet, saying:

'In France they call them old wives' tales. Let us hear of our North-country ghosts from young lips. Tell us some of your most frightful, Miss Dorothy.'

Thus invited, I was greatly confused; but with the assistance of Mr. Errington, who helped me, and suggested one history after the other, I boldly began upon the stories current among the people, and substantiated by evidence which cannot be denied: *videlicet*, that of the persons who themselves have seen the visions and appearances described.

The Earl knew nothing. He had been allowed to grow up in a most astonishing ignorance of the county ghosts. As for his brother Frank, he already knew something, having perhaps learned it (though of this I was then ignorant) of Jenny Lee and of others, being a youth of inquiring mind, who asked questions. It was astonishing to think that a Radcliffe should grow to years of manhood

without having heard even of the Laidly Worm of Spindleston Heugh, or the Seeker of Dunstanburgh, or the fairies brought to Fawdon Hill by the Crusaders, or of King Arthur at Sewingshields, the Monk of Blinkburn, Jeannie of Haselrigg, or Meg of Maldon.

'Let us all,' said my lord, 'go seek in Dunstanburgh, and dig into the earth at Sewingshields. Yet stay, how would King Arthur agree with the Prince, should both return together? Methinks we must first consult his Highness. Go on, fair story-teller.'

Then I began to tell of things more certain; not so ancient, and witnessed by people still surviving. Then the two old ladies, who knew better than myself the stories of Northumberland, nodded their heads, caught each other by the hands, held their breath, shook forefingers at their nephew, and asked in the pauses between the stories, 'Was there ever before a Radcliffe who had to be taught these things at one-and-twenty?' Pretty it was to see how much these ladies thought of their nephew, and how their kind eyes rested upon him with happiness.

Also, while I told my tales, I saw how Frank listened, with large sad eyes, and sighed, as if for the mere pleasure of listening to such stories, as one who was for ever considering how to converse with the dwellers of the other world. It was plain that he was ready to believe—ay ! and even to see—whatever he was told. Of such are those who most frequently behold spectres, see visions, and have strange dreams. He breathed quickly ; he sighed ; he looked round him as if in the dark depths of the great hall, and among the figures in armour, behind the tapestry, there lurked the very shades and appearances about which we were speaking. As for old Mr. Errington, he reminded me of this story and of that, filled up the details, wagged his head, and, like the Lady Mary, shook his forefinger at my lord—the Didymus or Unbeliever. There was also Mr. Howard, the priest—an old man, too, of venerable aspect. He sat with his chin upon his hand, less occupied with the stories than with gazing upon the young lord of all, as he lay at my feet, the red light of the fire playing upon his face, which was upturned to look upon mine.

Simple things, yet terrible, are the omens and appearances in this haunted county.

I trembled while I told of the ghostly and shadowy hearse which, especially in the winter nights, rolls slowly and silently—an awful thing to see—up and down the roads till it comes to the house where the death is going to happen, and how the farmer once going home from market saw the hearse stop at his own door, and knew that one of his family would die. There were six tall sons, each one strong and brave, and three daughters, each one beautiful; and there was his wife. Which would be taken? The rest of that story is enough to convert the greatest scoffer, as well as to turn the sinner to repentance. Then there is the wauf, or figure of the person about to die seen by another person. Surely it is a most dreadful thing to have the power of seeing the wauf, for if one sees it, there arises a doubt and difficult question: should the person who is to die be told of it, or not? If he be told, he may fall into despair; and if not, then a great opportunity of seeking grace for the soul is lost. There is also the brag, which may

assume whatever shape it pleases, as a calf, or a bundle of wood, or a hare, or a rick of hay, or anything which its tricksy and mischievous imagination may choose to order, to confound and tease a poor man or woman. And then there are the actual ghosts, whose number is in our country legion—such as Jethro Burnet, the miser, who walks to lament the loss of his money-bags; the wretch who hanged himself, and hath since found no rest; the poor girl who was murdered, and the man who murdered her—the former beside the pool wherein she was cast, and the latter by the gibbet, at Amble, where he was hanged in chains; Meg of Maldon, who walks of a night between Maldon and Hartington; the poor wretched woman who wanders on Hexham Moor at night, shrieking and crying (at Blanchland she could be heard plainly when the wind was high) because she killed her child with neglect, and now suffers—one knows not for how long—this misery. All these things were certainly intended for our admonition and warning. Again, there are the white figures which sometimes appear to fly from

under the foot of the belated traveller; there is the strange and well-authenticated story of Nelly the Knocker; that of the Ghost of Silky; that of the fairy changing the little dwarf Hobbie; how a lad going forth one night to walk with his sweetheart, found her changed into the Devil; with many other strange and true stories, showing what may be expected, and hath already been witnessed in the county.

They listened, as has been told. They looked fearfully about the room. No one thought that in five short years Dilston Hall itself would be left to decay, and, in ten years more, another mournful figure would be added to the troop of Northumberland ghosts.

'This,' said my lord, when I finished, 'is a fitting North-country termination of a Christmas feast; to sit after supper and tell bugbear tales. Fair narrator! you have so well done your part, that henceforth, I promise you, I will accept them all. I doubt no longer. If I were to meet Silky herself, I should not be surprised. If I heard Nelly the Knocker, or saw Meg of Maldon walking

in the corridor, or the ghost of my great-grandmother——'

'Nephew,' said Lady Katharine gently, 'do not mock; the spirits of our ancestors may be round us at this moment, with our guardian angels. Vex them not, lest when we go to join them, they meet us with angry countenance.'

'Enough of ghosts,' said Mr. Howard. 'To-morrow is Christmas. It is always the time to think about the next world, and sometimes we may hear these tales, which, true or not, help to keep faith alive; and these are times, Master Frank'—he laid his hand upon the boy's shoulder—'when we must rejoice in the present, feast, make other people joyful, and be glad ourselves.'

CHAPTER XIV.

CHRISTMAS TO TWELFTH NIGHT.

Thus began the Christmas, which we kept with such royal state. It has been stated that this was a political meeting. Nothing could be farther from the truth. There was not, during the whole time, one word spoken concerning politics. It is true that my lord treated Tom as a private and especial friend, and showed him a very singular kindness throughout. It is also true that no two gentlemen could be more unlike each other than these two; for, while one was well read and loved books, the other knew little save what he had been taught, and read nothing but Quincy's 'Dispensatory,' and his book on 'Farriery.' Also, one loved the society of ladies, and the other did not; one cared nothing for drinking, which to the other was

his chief delight; one loved poetry and music, which to the other gave little or no pleasure. One went habited with due regard to his rank, having a valet to dress him; the other was careless of his dress, generally going about, on his shooting and other business, in great boots and a plain plush coat, stained with wine and weather.

'Friendship,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'commonly with young men, goes by opposites. If Jonathan resembled his father, he had nothing of David's disposition in him; yet were they friends in youth. The great Coligny and his malignant enemy, Guise, were once close friends, each admiring points of unlikeness. Perhaps my lord and Mr. Forster admire also, each in the other, points of unlikeness.'

Although the party consisted both of Catholics and Protestants, there were no discussions on that account; for, in Northumberland, so many families still belong to the old religion that we can meet each other without quarrelling. It must not, therefore, be thrown in Tom's face that he was a secret friend of Papists. This has been said of him

with injustice. In truth there was never a stouter Protestant, though his lawful Sovereign belongs, unhappily, to the opposite faith. Yet so tolerant withal. 'Each,' he would say, 'for his own religion. Live and let live. But not to meddle with the endowments of the Church or to suffer Papists and Nonconformists to enter into the Universities.'

On the evening of Christmas Day there was performed for our pleasure the old play of 'Alexander and the Egyptian King,' by village mummers from Hexham and Dilston. The mummers were dressed up with ribbons and finery in rags and tatters; on their heads they wore gilt-paper crowns; they carried swords, and had a fiddler with them who played lustily all the time, whether the speakers were delivering their words or not.

First came the great King Alexander—he was a blacksmith by trade, and a very big and lusty fellow, who wore a splendid crown of gilt paper and a rusty breastplate; he flourished a sword and marched valiantly, strutting like a game-cock after a fight. Then he pronounced his verses, and brave verses they were, though afterwards he quite forgot

that he had promised to produce for us Dives and a Doctor. The Doctor came in due course, but we looked in vain for Dives, and a great moral lesson was lost. Everybody would like to be rich, yet few know the danger of riches or their own weakness in temptation. After him came the King of Egypt and his son Prince George; the King was stricken in years, and somewhat bent by rheumatism and his trade, that of shoe-mending; but the Prince was a lad whom I knew for as famous a hand with cudgel or quarterstaff as one may hope to see at a country fair. There was no reason why he should wish to fight Alexander, yet it seemed natural that they should, immediately on meeting, hurl words of reproach at each other and fly to arms. A most terrible and bloody fight it was which followed, the combatants thwacking and hacking at each other in such earnest as made one tremble, save for the thought that the swords were but stout ash-twigs painted blue, fitter to raise great weals than make deep cuts. The fiddler, meantime, ran round the pair, shouting while he played; and the King, so far from

feeling terror for his son, clapped his hands and applauded, as we all did. It was arranged that Prince George was to be killed, but such was his stubborn nature that he refused to lie down until the great conqueror, a much heavier man than he, had first covered him from top to toe with blows and bruises. When at length he lay down, the Doctor was called in. This learned man, who was the clerk of the parish, impudently asserted his ability to cure all diseases, and, in proof, restored the Prince to life. Then there was another duello between the King and the conqueror: the reason of which I did not understand, save that it enabled the cobbler to show under what unhappy conditions one bent with his trade has to fight. It needs not to say that the cobbler, too, fell beneath great Alexander's sword. They bore away his body, and all was over.

'But where is Dives?' cried my lord. 'You promised Dives.'

The actors looked at one another, and presently the blacksmith plucked up courage to explain that there never was any Dives in the piece at all, though it was true that he

was regularly promised in the prologue or opening verses.

'Well,' said my lord, 'we will excuse the Dives for this once; and thank you, actors all, for a merry tragical piece, in which I know not whether most to admire the skill of Alexander or the courage of the King who dared to meet him. Stand aside, good fellows, and let us go on to the next show.'

Then followed the singers and choristers of Hexham, who were ordered to sing none but true North-country songs, of which we have many, and our people sing them prettily and in tune, sometimes one taking treble, and another a second, and a third tenor or bass, and all with justness, according to time and tune very melodiously, the like of which, I think, will not be found elsewhere, save in cathedrals, such as Durham and other places, where anthems are sung. My lord confessed that he had never heard anything like this rustic singing in France, where the peasants sing on holidays; but not, as our people sing, with gravity and earnestness. First they sang the song of 'The Knight and the Lady:'

'There was a lady of the North Countrie
(Lay the bent to the bonny broom),
And she had lovely daughters three
(Lay the bent to the bonny broom).'

After that they sang the 'Battle of Otterbourne;' then the 'Fair Flower of Northumberland;' and then the ballad of 'Jock o' the Side;' and, last, the 'Jolly Huntsman's Garland,' beginning:

'I walked o'er the mountains,
Where shepherds feed their flocks;
I spy'd a troop of gallants
A-hunting of the fox.
With clamour and with hollow
They made the woods to ring;
The hounds they bravely follow,
Making a merry din.'

All the gentlemen in the company applauded this song loudly, and with a 'Whoop!' and 'View hollo!'—no talk of fox-hunting, or song in its praise, is complete without. They knew every verse out of the thirty or forty, and the histories, some of which were entertaining, of the gentlemen in honour of whom the song was written. Nothing is more delightful to one fox-hunter than to talk or hear of another.

There were other songs, and then all were regaled with a present in money and a plentiful supper of what they most love at Christmastide—namely, a mighty dish of lobscouse, which is a mess of beef, potatoes, and onions, strong of smell and of taste, and therefore grateful to coarse feeders. After the lobscouse they had plum-porridge and shrid-pies, with as much strong ale as they could carry, and more. Yet most of them could carry a great deal: Alexander the Great went away with a barrel or so within him, a mere cask of ale; and the King of Egypt was carried from this field of honour as from the other.

One thing I must relate in my lord's honour. Among the singers was a plain man (yet he had a sweet, rich voice), who was pointed out to him as a Percy by descent. He was but a stone-cutter, yet a descendant in the direct line from Jocelyn, the fourth Earl; and I know not how his forefathers fell so low. Lord Derwentwater waited until the singing was over, and then stepped forward and offered his hand to this man as to a gentleman, and sent for a bottle

of wine which he gave him, with a purse of five guineas, saying that the Percies and the Radcliffes were cousins. The good man was much abashed at first, but presently lifted his head, and carried off his bottle and his purse with resolution and pride. This circumstance, simple as it may seem, greatly raised the character of his lordship; for the common people, many of whom are descendants—even though bye-blows—of the gentlefolk, highly regard and are extremely jealous of descent; so that at Hexham it is a great thing to be a Radcliffe, as in Redesdale it is a great thing to be a Hall, and as at Bamborough one would be a Forster if one could, and at Alnwick a Percy. To give a poor man a present because he is of noble descent is a small thing, certainly; yet it was done with so great an ease and kindness that it touched all hearts.

If, on Christmas Day, we amused ourselves after the manner of the people and were happy in their way, we were promised, a few days later, a performance of a quite different and more fashionable kind. It

was through Mr. Hilyard, who always knew everything that was going on in the neighbourhood—how, one knows not, save that he was ever talking with carriers, postboys, and gipsies, and always had a kind word and a crust or a groat for a vagrant, nor cared to inquire if he were honest or not, but helped him, he said, because he was a man, and therefore stamped, like his unworthy self, with the Divine effigies. He reported that there was a company of players at Newcastle, who could doubtless be persuaded, in the manner usually found effective among such people, to journey as far as Dilston Hall. And he sent off without delay a messenger who was to run the whole way, twenty miles, with a letter from himself, to bring them, bag and baggage. It was the same company, though this he told us not (but I remembered their faces), as that among whom we had seen him, for the first time, play Merry Andrew; but the younger actresses were changed, as is, I am told, a very common occurrence, their beauty and their cleverness getting them rapid promotion, and, in some cases, good

husbands. Why, Lord Derwentwater's grandmother was herself but an actress, though she made a King fall in love with her.

These strollers were so poor—for the profits of each night's performance are but a few shillings to be divided among all—that they joyfully acceded to the invitation, and jumped at an offer which was to them nothing short of beef and beer and lodging for a month to come, so generous was my lord.

He had never seen an English play. Nor had I myself, or Tom, or any of the young gentlemen; though I had often heard my father speak of Drury Lane and the little theatre in the Haymarket, the amusements of which he often enjoyed when in London on his Parliament business.

'I have witnessed the playing,' said my lord, 'at the Comédie Française, where they play very finely the tragedies of the great Racine and Corneille and the comedies of Molière. I have also attended a performance of Madame de Maintenon's sacred plays with which she amuses His Majesty; and I have seen the Italian troupe, who are

full of tricks and merriment, and have a thousand ingenious arts to divert their company. The play is truly a most polite form of entertainment, and would be more delightful if the *parterre* could be by any means induced to remain quiet, and if the actors could have the stage to themselves, without the three rows of gentlemen who interrupt the performance by loud talking, and encumber the movements of the actors. Mr. Hilyard, I beg that you will allow no seats upon our stage. We will all sit in front.'

At Dilston, as everywhere, Mr. Hilyard was entrusted with the management of our amusements.

'I appoint you, sir,' said my lord, 'if I may, our Master of the Revels; and I require but one thing of you—that you please Miss Dorothy.'

I was so much pleased that never since have I lost the memory of that fortnight, and dwell upon it with such delight in the recollection as I cannot express in words. Oh! sad it is (if we do not apply the thought to our spiritual advantage) that youth and beauty must fade, that love cannot always follow a

smooth and easy course, and that the things we most desire should so often be snatched from our grasp just as we think them within our reach! To meditate upon the fleeting and momentary nature of earthly happiness is now my lot. The thought of the past would be too much for me, were it not for the heavenly blessing and divinely given hope that there is another and a more lasting youth before us. Why, what is it to pass through a few years of old age and solitary decay, when there awaits us another life in which I shall meet again my lord, with that same noble face which I remember so well, and those kindly eyes which, like the eyes in a portrait on the wall, follow me still, though they are long since closed in death! The face and the eyes will be the same, but oh! glorified, and in the living image of God. And as for me, my poor beauty that I loved so well, yet lost without a sigh when my friends were gone, that, too, will be given back to me and more, with such heavenly graces as are vouchsafed to those who believe. There will be no marrying nor giving in marriage; but a pure and innocent love will

flow from one soul to another, so that my lord will meet me again with such a look in his sweet eyes as he wore in those old days at Dilston Hall. Therefore weep no more, poor Dorothy ; but patience, and tell thy story.

The play which Mr. Hilyard chose for us was Congreve's 'Mourning Bride.' He had read it to me more than once ; but although the situation, even to one who reads or listens to the poem, is full of horror, and the unravelling of the plot keeps the mind agreeably on the stretch of expectation, I was not prepared for the emotions caused by the actual representation of the piece before my eyes. Mr. Hilyard arranged for the performance in the great hall, providing a curtain and footlights as in a real theatre, with scenery to help the imagination. Thus the scene in the temple or church was an awful representation of aisles and columns which one was easily persuaded to regard as real, though they were nothing in the world but rolls of canvas or linen daubed with grey paint. And thus (but I ought to have expected something from Mr. Hilyard's vast

importance) a most agreeable surprise awaited us. Not only did our Master of the Revels himself pronounce a prologue, beginning—

'Far from the London boards we've travelled here,
Bringing with us, to make you better cheer,
Great Dryden, Congreve, Shakespeare, Farquhar, Rowe,
To raise your mirth and bid your tears to flow;'

and ending—

'Do thou, my lord,
Fresh from the splendour of a Court, bestow
(Though all our art be simple, and our show
But rustic) gracious audience; and while
We strive to please, do thou be pleased to smile.
Of ye, O fair! we ask, but not in vain,
To think 'tis London and in Drury Lane.
See Osmyn hug his chains, and Zara say,
"Blest be the death which whiles for you this night away."'

'Upon my word,' said my lord, 'Mr. Hilyard is a much more ingenious gentleman than I thought.'

'He is well enough,' said Tom. 'But this verse-writing is mighty silly skimble skamble stuff.'

Then the curtain drew up, and the play began. Everybody knows this most beautiful tragedy, in which Almeria mourns the bride-

groom torn from her at the very hour of her marriage, and drowned by being wrecked. But—and here is the dramatist's art—her father is not to know of the marriage, therefore it is supposed that Almeria was a prisoner in Valentia, and that her husband was none other than the King of Valentia's son; but that the town was taken by Almeria's father, and the King and Prince Alphonso were forced to fly, and so taken captive or perished in the waves. The actress was a young woman of some beauty set off by art. She was of light complexion, with very fair hair and blue eyes, which I dare say are common among the Spaniards, and it showed very well under her black mourning habits. She spoke her part so naturally, telling the story of her hasty marriage and the loss of her groom so movingly, that we were all in tears from the beginning. And picture our astonishment when we discovered in the second scene that the prisoner, Osmyn, was none other than Mr. Hilyard himself! Instead of a wig, he wore a Moorish turban; instead of a coat and waistcoat, a suit of chain-armour (borrowed from the wall of the

very hall where the play was acted). He was fettered with heavy chains, which he rattled dolefully; his face was full of sternness and resolution (quite unlike the short face and twinkling eyes of Mr. Hilyard), and his head was thrown back to express his scorn of his conqueror. I do not know why anyone should scorn a conqueror, but in Plutarch and the drama they always do so. A conqueror, methinks, should be admired as the stronger and more skilful; if fate permits it, he should be imitated. But perhaps the scorn is intended to show the defiance of virtue, even though vice be for the moment victorious.

He had little to say in the first act. But in the second, he showed the greatness of his soul. The scene is in the aisle of a vast church. The hearers were awed and terrified by the words of Almeria:

> 'It strikes an awe
> And terror on my aching sight. The tomb
> And monumental caves of death are cold,
> And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart!'

She finds Osmyn: he is weeping at his father's tomb, for behold, Osmyn is none

other than Alphonso. The raptures of their meeting are interrupted by the arrival of Zara, also one of the captives. She is in love with Osmyn. (After the performance I reflected that it must be a rare thing for prisoners, male and female, thus to wander unrestrained about a church at midnight. Where were Osmyn's fetters ?) She upbraids him with his coldness, and offers liberty for love. He refuses. Then she threatens him, and on the arrival of the King has him conveyed to prison, with the immediate prospect of death by rack and whip. Mr. Hilyard (I mean Osmyn) went to face it with so heroic a countenance that we could not choose but wonder. Did one ever believe that Mr. Hilyard could face death and torture with so bold a front ? I declare that, for one, I have ever since considered the courage of this peaceful scholar as tried and proved ; nor is it any answer to say that an unshrinking mien may be assumed even by a coward in the presence of pretended torture. I am perfectly assured that no coward could assume without betraying so assured and finished a guise of heroism. In the morning, on re-

flection. I thought it strange that the King as well as his prisoners should spend the night in wandering among the tombs in a church.

In the third act Osmyn is visited in prison by his friend Heli (I forget whether he was also a prisoner, or merely a wandering friend), who informs him that there are hopes of a mutiny among the troops, and that Zara may assist to release him. In fact, Zara comes—she was a brunette, with speaking eyes, and very finely, as I thought, played the part of a hapless woman who loves where she is not loved in return. She promises assistance, hoping for reward. She then retires, apparently to make room for Almeria, but returns to discover Almeria with the captive. This fires her resentment:

> 'Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
> Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.'

In the fourth act things present a most dreadful outlook to Almeria and her fettered husband; but in the fifth, all, by a most fortunate and providential succession of murders, ends well. First, a mute carrying messages is slain; the King takes the place of Osmyn

(or Alphonso) in the prison, and is murdered by mistake; Zara poisons herself, and throws herself upon the body of the King, whom she supposes to be Alphonso; Almeria comes, and prepares to imitate her rival, when Alphonso, victorious and triumphant, bursts upon the scene, and saves her just in the nick of time. To tell how the tragic story filled my heart with pity and terror while it was acting, how Almeria bewailed her fate, how Zara raged, how nobly Mr. Hilyard (or Alphonso) bore himself, would be impossible. Suffice to say that we wiped away our tears and were happy again, though the stage was strewn with dead bodies, when Alphonso spoke the last lines:

> 'Still in the way of honour persevere,
> And not from past or present ills despair,
> For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
> And, though a late, a sure reward succeeds.'

There were others present who enjoyed the play as much as I did, though my lord said that, in his opinion, and compared with the majestic work of Racine, it was but a poor piece, and that the situations were forced, with too much blood. All the ser-

vants who chose to come were allowed to stand at the lower end, and though some of them gaped and wondered what it all might mean, there were others who looked on with delight. Among them was my maid Jenny, whom I discerned standing on a stool at the far end, her face aglow with a kind of rapture, her great black eyes like coals of fire, her lips parted, and her body bent forward—things which I remembered afterwards.

This girl (who was, as I have said, clever, sharp, and faithful) I had taught to read. I am well aware that I am open to censure for doing this. The possession of this key to learning is a dangerous thing. It is certainly a question which still remains to be answered, whether persons in that class should be taught to read; for, in the first place, a little learning is a dangerous thing. Again, discontent is easily acquired when one learns how many, from obscure origins, have become rich. Thirdly, it has been abundantly proved that there is no villain like a villain who can read and write. On the other hand, it seems good that a man or woman should be able to read the Prayer Book, Catechism, and Psalms

of David in the vulgar tongue, and the Bible as well, provided always that the interpretation of it be modestly left to clergymen of the Established Church, and not undertaken by private judgment. As for matters of daily work, such as the farm and the house and medicine, it is certain that book-learning will never become so good as the teaching of those who have learned from their fathers and mothers. However, be it right or wrong, I taught the girl to read; and Jenny, though this I knew not, began to read everything she could find at all times when she was not at work. Among other things she read, it is supposed, volumes of plays which belonged to Mr. Hilyard.

When the play was over, Jenny, instead of going to bed as a good girl should have done, must needs wait about (this I learned afterwards) until the players went to their supper; and after supper she sat up with them, listening open-mouthed to their talk. It seems that people of this profession scarce ever go to bed before one or two o'clock in the morning, because after their great passion and the excitement of so many emotions they

are fain to sit up till late, recovering the calmness of spirit necessary for quiet sleep. I know not what they said to her, or she to them; but afterwards she was never the same girl. She had moods and fits; would cry for nothing, and laugh at a little; read more books of plays; and, among the other maids, would imitate not only the actresses, but also the very gentlemen of the company to the life—their voice, gestures, and manner of bearing themselves. This was a very impudent and disrespectful thing to do. I have also reason to believe—but as I never charged it upon him, so he never confessed it—that Mr. Hilyard himself secretly encouraged the girl to learn, and taught her to declaim with justness of emphasis and proper management of voice, passages from his books. Great scholar and wit though he was, he did not sufficiently consider the consequences of his actions. To teach such a girl to deliver poetry with eloquence was as much as to give a man who hath no money a taste for the most costly wines.

This, however, by the way.

In the morning I myself, finding the

players preparing to go away, entered into conversation with one of the women, the one who played Zara. She was a young woman of genteel carriage and respectful speech, who, off the stage, although upon it she was so queenly in her bearing and so full of fire and action, might very well have passed for a respectable seamstress or milliner. As for the woman who played Leonora, she was the wife of the King, I found, and middle-aged, with a baby. First of all, when I spoke to Zara, I found she was shy, as if afraid that I should despise or insult her, a thing of which I am told actors are very jealous, because by statute law they are regarded as rogues and vagabonds.

'In Paris,' my lord told me, 'they once lost in this way their best actress, an incomparable and most beautiful creature, who was so enraged by the insults of the *parterre*, that she returned them with scorn and indignation. They clapped her in prison for this *lèse-majesté;* but when she was liberated, she refused ever to act again.'

Well, but I did not wish to show contempt for anybody, much less a virtuous and honest

young woman; and I made haste to compliment her on her rare and wonderful gift of impersonation, adding that I had learned to respect the art from my tutor, Mr. Hilyard, whom they had allowed to play Osmyn. Then I asked her about her way of life, and if she was happy. She replied that, indeed, for happiness she could not tell, because poor folks are never overwhelmed with happiness; that the pay was uncertain, and sometimes food was scanty, and there were times when to play in a barn for a supper was counted great gain: yet (I remembered afterwards that Jenny stood beside me, and was listening with open mouth) the delight of acting ('Oh! Ah!' a gasp and a sigh from Jenny) was so great as to counterbalance the evils of poverty. That, to be sure, fine ladies look down upon an actress as mere dirt beneath their feet; but what signifies that, since one need never speak with a fine lady? That it was a hard life, in which a body hath no time to be ill or to be wearied, or to have any mood or mind of her own, but always ready for a new part and to play a new passion; yet, that this evil was com-

pensated for by the freedom and variety of the life.

'Consider, madam,' she said earnestly, 'if I were not an actress, I should be a maid in a lady's house, or a common drudge to a tradesman's wife, or perhaps a dressmaker, or serving-woman to a coffee-house or a tavern; or, if I had good looks, perhaps a shop-girl, to sell gloves, ribbons, and knickknacks, in Cranbourne Alley. Your ladyship doth not know, I am sure, the rubs and flips which we poor women have to endure from harsh masters. What is our character to them, provided fine gentlemen come to the shop and buy? and what do they care what becomes of the poor girls? One gone, another is easily found. All poor people must be unhappy in some way, I suppose. Give me my liberty'—here Jenny choked—'if I must starve with it. But we all hope for better times, and perhaps, before we grow old and lose such good looks as the Lord hath given to us, an engagement at York Theatre—or even'—here she gasped as one who catcheth at a bunch of grapes too high—'at Drury Lane.'

So they packed up their dresses and gilt crowns, their tin swords and fineries, and went away, well pleased with the generous pay of my lord.

But Mr. Hilyard went about with his chin in the air, still thinking himself Osmyn, for many days to come.

'Are there,' asked my lord, 'many scholars of Oxford who can act, and write verses, and play the buffoon, and sing like that strange man of yours, Miss Dorothy? In Paris, such a scholar becomes an Abbé; he may make as many verses as he pleases, and pay court to as many patrons, and be lapdog to the fine ladies, but act upon the stage he may not.'

Yet he congratulated the actor with the kindness which belonged to his nature, trying to make him feel that his genius and the variety of his powers were admired and understood. And before we came away my lord gave him a snuff-box, which Mr. Hilyard still carries and greatly values. It bears upon the lid a picture of Danae, believed to be the portrait of Nell Gwynne.

'But as for his acting,' my lord went on,

'I care not who acts nor what the piece, so long as thou art pleased, fair Daphne. For to please thee is at present all my thought and my only care. Ah! blushing, rosy English cheek! Sure nowhere in the world are the women so beautiful as in England; and nowhere so true, and good as well, as in my own county.'

With such pretty speeches he ended everything. If it were a ride, it must be whither I pleased; if we walked, it must be in what direction I commanded; when we dined, the dishes were to be to my liking; if I ventured to praise anything, it must become my own —nay, I think that, had I chosen, I could have stripped the walls even of the family portraits, carried off the treasures which the house contained, and borne away all the horses from the stable. My lord possessed that nature which is never truly happy unless it is devising further happiness and fresh joyful surprises for those he loves.

CHAPTER XV.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

On the day of the New Year, which is the day for giving and receiving presents, there was so great an exchange of pretty things that I cannot enumerate them. For everybody gave something, if it were only a little trifle worked by hand. Thus, my lord presented Tom with a hunter, and Tom gave him a fowling-piece which had belonged to his uncle Ferdinando. Though the general joy at the master's return was so great that the tables groaned beneath the presents offered to him, yet I think he gave far more than he received. That was ever his way —to give more than he received, whether in friendship, trust, and confidence, or in rich presents, or in love. It is a happy disposition,

showing that its owner is already half prepared for heaven. As for myself, I was made nothing short of rich by the many beautiful and costly things that were bestowed upon me. Tom gave me a pair of gloves, the Lady Mary a small parcel of point-lace of Valenciennes, the Lady Katharine a piece of most beautiful brocade, saying that she was too old for such gauds and vanities, which became young and beautiful gentlewomen, and her maid should give me counsel how best to make it up. Mr. Howard gave me a book from the library containing the 'Meditations' of Thomas à Kempis. Alas! I paid little heed at the time to the wise and comforting words of that precious book, though now, next to one other, it is my greatest consoler. (I also find some of the 'Thoughts' of Monsieur Pascal worthy the attention of those who would seek comfort from religion.) Frank gave me a silver chain—it had been his grandmother's—for hanging keys and what not upon; and Mr. Errington gave me a pretty little ring set with an emerald, saying that he had bought it for the first Dorothy Forster twenty

years before, but she would have none of him or of his gifts.

'Wherefore, my dear,' he said, 'although an emerald speaks of love returned, let me bestow it upon one beautiful enough to be Dorothy's daughter.

'"O daughter, fairer than thy mother fair,"

as says some poet, but I forget which, because it is thirty years since I left off reading verses. Very likely it was Suckling or Waller.'

'Sir,' said Mr. Hilyard officiously, 'your honour does the Latin poet Horace the honour to quote him—through an unknown translation.'

'Gad,' replied Mr. Errington, 'I knew not I was quoting Latin. I am infinitely obliged to you, sir, for the assistance of your learning. It shall be Horace, since you say so. But much finer things, I doubt not, have been said about beautiful women by our English poets. Can you, sir, who know the poets, as well as everything else'—Mr. Errington was one of those gentlemen who regard scholarship as a kind of trade, to be followed by the baser sort, as indeed

it chiefly is, and as a means of rising—'can you, sir, help us to something from an English poet with which we may compliment the beauty of this young lady?'

'The language of gallantry,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'was not affected by Shakespeare, our greatest poet; yet there is one passage which I submit to your honour. It is in his sonnets, wherein the poet says:

'"Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her person."'

'Very good, sir,' said Mr. Errington. 'Fair Dorothy, Shakespeare was a prophet.'

Lord Derwentwater alone gave me nothing, which I thought strange. But presently, when the first business and agitation about the gifts were over, he begged me to examine with him some of the treasures and heirlooms of the house.

The hall was full of strange things and treasures brought together from every part of the world; by Radcliffes who had travelled in far countries, even to Constantinople and the Holy Land; by Radcliffes who had crossed the ocean, and seen the two Americas and the savage Indians; by Radcliffes who had

plundered Scottish castles and Scottish towns in the old times; by Radcliffes who had bought beautiful things in Italy, and by those who had bought them in London. The walls were covered with pictures; not only portraits, but also those pictures which men strangely love to paint, of half-clothed shepherdesses, nymphs, satyrs, and so forth; illustrations of stories from Ovid and the ancient poets, some of which Mr. Hilyard had read to me; together with other pictures, to my poor understanding, equally foolish—to wit, the martyrdom and torture of saints, as the shooting of St. Sebastian with arrows; the roasting of St. Lawrence upon a gridiron (this was a very fine and much-praised picture by an Italian master, whose name I have forgotten; but it made your flesh creep ever afterwards even to think of that poor writhing wretch); the angels in heaven, all sitting in a formal circle; the beheading of St. Peter, and so forth. I know not why these things should be portrayed, unless, as is wisely done in Fox's 'Book of Martyrs,' in order to show, by lively pictures of the poor creatures in the flames, what one religion is capable of

doing, and the other of enduring. Besides the pictures, there were suits of armour, both chain-armour, very beautifully wrought, and armour of hammered iron, with a whole armoury of weapons hanging like trophies upon the walls, such as pikes, lances, spears, bows and arrows, crossbows, guns and fire-locks of all kinds, strange instruments for tearing knights out of their saddles, battle-axes, maces, and swords of every kind. At my request, my lord once dressed himself in one of the suits of chain-armour, and put on his head an iron helmet, with side or cheek pieces, and a machine for protecting the face. With a battleaxe in his hand, he looked most martial and commanding; yet I laughed to see the long wig below the helmet, flowing over the shoulders and the chain-armour. To each age its fashions; since the politeness of the present generation commands gentlemen no longer to wear their own hair, but a full wig, whereby the aged may look young, and the young disguise their youth and inexperience, there must seem something ludicrous when the dress of our ancestors is assumed even for a

moment. It was not, however, to see these things, which stood exposed to the view of all who came, that I was asked to accompany my lord. We went to see those treasures which were kept under lock and key in cabinets and cupboards, and even in secret places known only to Mrs. Busby, the housekeeper, who came with us, bearing the keys.

Lady Mary came, too. Her sister, Lady Katharine, the most gentle and pious of women, was in the chapel, where she spent a great part of each day in prayer and meditation. Certainly, if ever there was a saint in the Church of Rome, she was one. Though we are bound not to accept the doctrine of Purgatory (which seems to me the least harmful of human inventions, as regards religion), yet I have always thought, in considering the life of this pious woman, that there could be no fires of Purgatory for her. Her sister was as gentle, but not so pious (yet a good woman, and obedient to the Church).

'My dear,' she said, 'we have many pretty things to show you. No doubt the Forsters have also got together, both at Bamborough

and Etherston, things as curious and more valuable, for we are not ignorant that you have been longer in the county. But our collections are allowed to be very fine.'

They were indeed very fine. We have nothing to compare with them, either at Etherston or at Bamborough.

There were old brocades, stiff with gold and silver; gloves set with pearls; shoe-buckles with diamonds; embroidered and jewelled garters; damasks, flounced stuffs, rich silks, every kind of woman's dress from the time of Henry VI., or even older, to the present day. The housekeeper laid them out with pride, saying, 'This belonged to Lady Radcliffe, your lordship's grandmother, who was a daughter of Sir William Fenwick; and this was part of the bridal dress of Anne Radcliffe, who married Sir Philip Constable; and these were the late Lady Swinburne's gloves'—and so on. She had, besides, a story to tell of every one; how this lady was a widow and a beauty; and this one ran away, and another was married against her will, and another a widow almost as soon as she was a bride: such tales

as an old housekeeper loves to gather together and to store up.

'Women,' says Mr. Hilyard, 'are the historians, as they are the guardians of the household.'

'These,' said the Earl, 'are the ladies' collections. My own mother'—his face darkened when he spoke of his mother (at which I wonder not)—'hath added nothing; but my grandmother and her predecessors have all contributed something of their finery to make this collection the better. Great pity it is when a family lets all be scattered abroad and lost.'

Then we were shown the cabinets, where were locked up the trinkets, ornaments, and things in gold. Here were rings of all kinds—some old and rudely set, but with large stones; some with posies and devices; some with coats of arms; some with stories belonging to them and some without. Also there were bracelets of all kinds—of plain beaten gold, of chains in gold, of rings, of serpents; of Saracen, Turkish, Indian, Venetian, and Florentine work; also necklaces of silver and of gold—plain and set with

emeralds, diamonds, rubies, opal, sapphires, and all other precious stones, *egrets*, *étuis*, and chains of all kinds, even the thin and delicate chain of pure soft gold from India—one never saw so brave a show. Then there were miniatures in gold frames set with pearls, of the Radcliffe ladies, including my own great-grandmother, the heiress of Blanchland. A comely and beautiful race they were. Next there were snuff-boxes collected by the late Earl, who died in the year 1705. There were dozens of these, mostly with lids beautifully painted, but the pictures such as please not a woman's eye, being like those on the walls, of half-dressed nymphs and shepherdesses. Dear me! A man who wants to take snuff can surely take it quite as well out of a tin or brass snuff-box, such as our gentlemen use, as out of a box with a heathen goddess sprawling outside, dressed as heathen goddesses were accustomed to dress.

'It is,' said Mr. Hilyard once, talking the nonsense that even learned men sometimes permit themselves—'it is an excuse for painting the ideal, model, and fountain of

beauty. It has been held that from Venus—namely feminine beauty—are born not only the train of Loves, petulant and wanton, but also the nine Muses, who are, in fact, Poetry, Music, Dancing, Acting, Gallantry, Courtesy, Politeness, Courtship, and Intrigue, and not Thalia and her sisters at all, unless they can be proved to have those attributes.'

This foolish talk I refused to hear. Did ever a woman wish to see represented the stalwart form and sturdy calves of her lover? How, then, did we get our love for poetry, dancing, and the rest of it, including coquetry?

I cannot tell all that was in this cabinet of wonders. But in the lowest drawers there lay—fans! Oh, Heaven! Fans! I never knew before that there were in the whole wide world so many fans. They were all painted, and some of them most beautifully. There were fans with flowers on them, so life-like that you stooped to breathe the perfume of the rose or the mignonette; there were fans with rustic scenes—swains and shepherdesses dancing round a maypole.

'Do they dance so in France, my lord?' I asked.

'Nay,' he replied gravely. 'They dance, indeed, but it is to forget the terrors of to-morrow, and to rejoice over the certainty of to-day's dinner. There is laughter, but not much joy, in the peasant's dance.'

So I laid that down, and took up another. Upon it was the tale of the Sirens and Ulysses. Oh! I knew the story, and wonderful it was to see the oarsmen rowing silent and careless, neither seeing nor hearing, while Ulysses, bound to the mast, strained forward to catch the music, after which he would fain have followed like a slave if he could. It was a moral piece, and I looked at it with admiration. The next—but I cannot run through them all—was the Judgment of Paris—the shepherd, a very noble youth, with something of the look of my lord upon him; while as for the goddesses, not one of them, to my thinking, deserved an apple so much as—but we may not judge, and it seemed to please his lordship. Then there were more swains and shepherdesses, very sweet and pretty, with grass like velvet, and dresses (though they had been tending sheep) as clean and neat as if just out of the band-box.

'Ah! if one could find such a country,' I said, 'one would willingly turn milkmaid.'

'And I,' said my lord, 'would even be turned into a shepherd to be companion to such a milkmaid.'

Then there was a fan of Pierrot, Harlequin, and Columbine. It brought your heart into your mouth only to see such merry, careless faces, as if there were no such thing as trouble, or anxiety, or exiled princes, or rival churches, or wicked people, and all that one had to do was to tell stories continually, laugh, dance, sing, and make merry. I never saw before such happiness depicted on simple white silk. It made me think, somehow, of Mr. Hilyard in the evening. After this fan, I cared little about the rest, though the parting of Achilles and Briseis was sad, and the death of Cleopatra tragic.

'Now,' said my lord, smiling kindly, as was his wont when he was doing something generous—'now that you have seen our pretty things, remember that you have not received my *étrenne*. Will it please you make a choice?'

I know not whether by accident or design, but Lady Mary and the housekeeper were engaged among the silks and old brocades, and we were alone.

'Oh, my lord!' I said, 'I cannot take any of these beautiful things. They belong to your house and to your family. They must not leave you.'

'Take all,' he whispered. 'Oh, Dorothy! take all; and yet, they need not leave me, if in taking them you take me too.'

Alas! what could a girl say? I knew not what to say; for in the great joy of that moment I remembered not—nay, all this time I thought not about it, being in a Fool's Paradise—what stood between us.

'Oh, my lord!' was all I could whisper.

But he stooped and kissed my fingers, and I think that Lady Mary saw him, for she came back quickly, a little glow upon her faded cheek and a brightness in her eyes; but said nothing, only presently took my hand in hers and pressed it kindly.

Well, there was no help; she joined her nephew in forcing presents upon me. I chose the fan with Harlequin, Columbine, and

Pierrot upon it. Why, it lies beside me still, with its three once happy, laughing faces. Long ago they too have been driven out of their Fool's Paradise, like me. The silk has faded; the pictured faces smile no more—they have lost their youth—they are wrinkled—they have forgotten how to laugh. When I die, I should like that fan to be buried with me.

Other things they gave me—a ring, a bracelet—what matters now?—with kind words, and praise of beauty and sweet looks. A sensible girl knows very well that this flattery is bestowed out of goodness of heart, and with the desire of pleasing her; it does not turn her head more than the passing sunshine of the moment, though it makes her cheek to glow, her eyes to brighten, and her lips to tremble.

'There were never,' whispered the fond young lover, 'never, I swear, finer eyes or sweeter lips.'

In the evening, when I opened my fan, a paper fell out. My lord picked it up and gave it me. Oh! it was another set of verses, and in the same feigned handwriting

as the first. He read them, affecting as much surprise as on the former occasion:

'Learn, nymphs, from wondrous Daphne's art
The uses of the fan,
Designed to play a potent part
When she undoes a man.

'As when the silly trout discerns
The artificial fly,
And rises, bites, and too late learns
The hook that lies hard by;

'So man, before whose raptured gaze
The fan in Daphne's arms,
Now spreads, now shuts, and now displays,
And now conceals her charms,

'Falls, like that silly fish, a prey,
Yet happier far than he,
Adores the hand outstretched to slay,
And dies in ecstasy.'

CHAPTER XVI.

A STRANGE THING.

I CANNOT forbear to mention a thing which happened at this time, so strange, so contrary to reason and experience, so far removed from the ordinary stories of apparitions and phantoms, that, had I not been agitated by a thousand tumultuous joys, I must have been thrown by it into great apprehensions, and perhaps have felt compelled to lay the matter before the Bishop.

The thing is concerned with my maid Jenny, of course. I have already explained that she was an active and faithful maid, clever with her needle, a good hairdresser, modest and respectful in her behaviour to me, whatever she was to others. With all these virtues, it is grievous to remember that if ever a woman was a witch, and had dealings

with the devil—why, even Mr. Hilyard, who is always most cautious in these matters, confesses that the matter is beyond his comprehension, and he knows not how to explain it, or what to say of it. Let us remember that at Blanchland she saw apparitions (though others saw none), to the terror of the village; and there also she was said to lead about a rustic whom she made to do whatever she pleased (this at the time I believed not, though now I know that it may be true). And at Dilston she acted parts either of her own invention, or imitated people, or declaimed what she had heard to such admiration that the men gazed upon her with open mouths, and the kitchen-maids dropped the dishes, and the elder women crossed themselves. Gipsy blood will show, they say; no doubt these outcasts are in some sort more liable than the rest of us to diabolical possession, and it is by this, and no other way, that they are enabled to read the future, predict fortunes, and, above all, to bewitch a man and make him do whatsoever they please.

It was on the morning after this day of

gifts—a gloomy and cloudy morning, with mist lying over the Devilswater and the meadow beneath the Hall; the gentlemen were in the fields shooting; Lady Katharine was, I suppose, in the chapel; Lady Mary was dozing in her chair; the maids were all at work below and in the kitchens. I, having nothing to do, and a heart troubled but full of joy, began to roam by myself about the great house. First I went into the library, where few ever sat. Sometimes my lord went thither to spend an hour; he was a gentleman of parts, and possessed as much learning as befits a man of his rank. An earl must not be a writer of books or a poet by trade, though he may, as Lord Rochester did, write witty and ingenious verses to be given to his mistress or to please the Court. Frank Radcliffe was often there, and sometimes Mr. Howard. To-day when I opened the door I saw the good old priest sleeping beside a great wood fire, on his knees a massive volume in calf, with brass clasps—no doubt a learned work on theology. So, not to disturb him, I shut the door again quite softly, and went along the passages

among the many old rooms, hung with tapestry, and furnished after an antique style. Some of them were occupied, but for the most part they were empty, and I looked curiously into them, half afraid of the deep shadows, in which ghosts might linger. If I entered these silent chambers, I peeped hurriedly into the mirrors, fearful lest, as has happened to many honest people, I might see a second face in addition to my own, or, which is worse than a whole procession of ghosts, not my own face at all, but quite another one—a strange, a threatening, and an angry face—or the face of a demon. I have often prayed to be protected from this form of visitation, of which I could tell many stories, but refrain, merely saying that it is a sure indication of great disaster thus to see a strange and angry face in the mirror instead of your own.

The house being so silent, the air without so misty, and the rooms so dark, it is not wonderful that I presently fell into that expectant spirit in which nothing seems strange, so that if all my ancestors on the Radcliffe side had with one consent marched up the

corridor to greet me, I should have taken it as nothing out of the way or even unexpected. It is a condition of mind into which it is easy to fall when one is in a reverie.

Now, as I walked along the passage, I became aware of a voice: it was a low voice, which I knew very well, but did not remember whose it was (when one's head was full of Lord Derwentwater, could one remember the voice of a servant-maid?). Without following or seeking after that voice, I walked by accident straight to the room whence it came, and, the door being open, and I not thinking one way or the other whether I ought to look or whether I ought not, I not only looked in at the door, but I walked into the room. Truly I was as one in a dream.

The thing which I saw awakened me from my dream, and I started and was seized with a horror the like of which I never felt before and hope never to feel again; because I saw with my own eyes the bewitching of a man by a woman.

It was a large low room without much furniture, and I think it had once been used for a children's room, for there were little

chairs about, and broken toys. There were only two persons in the room: one of the two was Frank Radcliffe, and the other was none other, if you please, than Jenny, my own maid. That Frank should condescend to hold conversation at all with this black-eyed gipsy girl might have filled me with wonder; yet I was not so young or so innocent (what country girl is?) as not to know that young gentlemen will often stoop to rustic wenches, to their own shame and the just ruin of the latter. But Frank was not like many of our young bloods, a mere hunting and shooting creature, born to destroy vermin for the farmers and provide game for the table. He was a gentleman of high breeding and polished, nay, delicate manners, no more capable, one would think, of being led out of himself by the flashing eyes of a village beauty than my lord himself; a scholar too, and man of books. Yet here he was; and with him, Jenny. The girl was sitting on a high chair with her back to the door, and therefore saw me not; nor did she hear my footsteps. Before her, like a boy at school before his master, stood the

young man. To think that she should sit, and he be standing! But oh, heavens! what ailed him? His eyes were open, and he gazed straight before him, so that he looked into my face, but he seemed to see nothing; his arms were hanging motionless; he stood erect, like a soldier with a pike in waiting for the word of command; his cheek was pale: he seemed as one whose soul had fled while his body waits for its return, or as one entranced, or as one who walks in his sleep. Yet, for the strange feeling upon me, as if anything might happen and nothing was wonderful, I stood where I was and looked on in silence, though what I saw was beyond the power of the mind to conceive.

Were they play-acting? But in no play-acting that ever I heard of does the actor go through his performance with face so motionless. The play-acting was nothing. Jenny lifted her finger, Frank did the same. Jenny folded a paper into a kind of narrow tube and gave it him, muttering something in a low voice. Then he put the tube to his lips and made as if he were smoking a pipe.

Then Jenny made another gesture, and he dropped the paper.

'Think next,' she said imperiously, 'of my own people, the gipsies. I want to know what old granny is doing, and what she is saying. If she is making a charm, tell me how she makes it.'

'There is a gipsy camp,' he replied slowly, but with no change in his eyes, 'outside the houses of a village. They have drawn their carts round an open space, where there is a great fire and a pot upon it.'

'And granny—what is granny doing?'

'I see an old woman lying upon the boards in one of the carts. A young man lies beside her, groaning and twisting about.'

'What does granny say?'

'She bids him cheer up; for what is a simple flogging at the cart-tail when once 'tis over? And what is a sore back to the rheumatism in every bone?'

'It is my cousin, Pharaoh Lee,' said Jenny. 'Poor Pharaoh! He has been stealing poultry, no doubt. The back of him should be of leather by now, unless backs get the softer for flogging, like a beef-

steak. Well—— Leave the camp, and think of my lord, your brother. So—where is he ?'

'He is walking beside Tom Forster, fowling-piece on shoulder. But he looks neither to right nor left, and he is not thinking of the birds.'

'What is he thinking of, then ?'

'He is thinking,' replied Frank, 'of Dorothy. His mind is quite full of her. He can think of nothing else. He has told her that he loves her, and before she goes away he will tell her so again. "Sweet Dorothy !" he says in his mind. "Fair Dorothy ! There is none like Dorothy Forster." '

Now, when I heard these words it seemed to me as if the things I saw and heard were ghostly and sent from the other world, wherefore I fell into the deadly terror which seizes those who behold such things and receive such messages, and I shrieked aloud and fell into a swoon, which lasted I know not how long.

When I came to myself, I was sitting in the chair where Jenny (unless it was a

vision) had been exercising her witcheries. She was kneeling at my feet, beating my palms, and putting a cold, wet towel to my forehead, with a face full of terror and surprise.

'Ah!' she said, 'you are better now, my lady.'

'What is it, Jenny?' I cried, clutching her hand and looking around. 'What is it? Where is he?'

'Where is he?' she repeated. 'Why—who?'

'Mr. Francis Radcliffe.'

'Mr. Frank? Indeed, your ladyship, I know not. I suppose he may have gone out with the gentlemen shooting, or perhaps, because he is a studious gentleman, he is in the library, or talking, maybe, to Mr. Hilyard. What should Mr. Frank be doing here?'

'Nay—but I saw him!'

'Where did you see him? Oh, madam! rest a while. Your poor head is wandering. You must have had a shock.'

'I saw him, I say—here with you—wicked girl! with your sorceries.' I pushed

her from me; but she looked astonished and not guilty at all—which was most strange.

'Alas! madam, what sorceries? I know not what you mean. I was in your own room hard by, putting up the lace for your hair, which I shall dress by-and-by'—my own room was close at hand, but I had forgotten it—'when I heard a loud cry and a something fall, and ran to help—and oh dear!—oh dear!—it was your ladyship lying on the floor all by yourself, with a face as white as a sheet.'

'But I saw him—and you——'

I looked about the room; there was certainly no Frank Radcliffe there. Then I started to my feet; the fascination was quite gone; it went away as suddenly as it came. I determined to seek out Frank and learn the truth at once.

'Stay here, shameless girl!' I cried. 'If thou hast lied thou shalt leave me this moment, even if the village folk burn thee for a witch, as they called thee at Blanchland.'

I hastened along the passages and down the stairs to the library. Oh, most wonderful!

Everything, with one exception, was just as I had left it half an hour before. Father Howard slept in the quiet corner beside the fire, his great volume on his knee; on the hearth there slowly burned among its white ashes a great log; the silent books stood round the walls, and above them hung the portraits of Radcliffes dead and gone; through the windows I saw the white mists hanging over the meadow and the narrow bed of Devilswater. Everything the same, except that at a table before one of the windows sat Frank himself, two or three books before him.

'Frank!' I cried.

'Dorothy! What is it? Your cheeks are white and your eyes are frightened—what is it, Dorothy?'

'How long have you been here, Frank?'

'I think all the morning, Dorothy. Why?'

'I saw—that is, I thought I saw you, but just now, in the north corridor. Perhaps it was imagination. Yet, I thought—were you not there, of truth?'

'Indeed, I have not left the library since

breakfast. I must have been asleep, like Mr. Howard, for I find I have not turned the page for half an hour and more. Do you think, Dorothy,' he asked earnestly, 'that you have seen a ghost? This Dilston, they say, is full of ghosts. But I have seen none, as yet.'

'I know not,' I replied, 'what I have seen —or what it means. Frank—you have told me the truth?'

I could not doubt the truth of his straightforward eyes, nor the sincerity of his assurance. Wherefore, with a beating heart, I returned slowly to my own chamber, and found Jenny in tears. I thought I must have seemed harsh to her, feeling now certain that what I had seen was a vision of a disordered brain. Yet, why should the brain of a girl newly made happy by the most noble lover in the world be disordered? Therefore I bestowed upon her a frock, a hood, and a pair of warm cloth gloves, for a New Year's gift, and told her that I must have had some dream or seen some vision, and that I blamed her no longer; though at heart I felt some suspicion still, because

the dream or vision, if such it had been, remained in my mind clear and strong, so that I could not choose but think it real. And yet, that Frank should have been in the library since the morning and never once left it!

In the afternoon I told the whole to Mr. Hilyard, and confessed to him that, although I was now certain that I had been deceived or that I was under some charm, yet I felt uneasy. He received my story with great seriousness, and began to consider what it might mean.

'Truly,' he said, 'if this be a vision, and not a cheat by the girl Jenny—but how could she cheat without the assistance of Mr. Frank?—it is a very serious and weighty business. It is a pity that you did not, before you swooned away, throw your arms about the effigies or apparition of the girl, as was done by Lord Colchester about fifty years ago, when he clasped thin air, as Ixion clasped his cloud. We may not doubt that warnings may take various shapes. Thus it is related on good authority from Portsmouth that a gentleman of that

place has been lately troubled by the apparition of a man who constantly pursues him and reproaches him for some secret crime; and Colonel Radcliffe affords another instance, who is also followed continually by some unseen enemy. There is also the authentic story of the ghost of Madam Bendish, of East Ham, near London, who lately appeared to an old gentleman there, and bade him reprove an obstinate son with Proverbs, one, two, and three. There was also, only a short time ago, the young gentleman of All Hallows, Bread Street Parish, who had a vision of a burial, the cloth held by four maids, which came true of himself. And the ghost of Thomas Chambers, of Chesham, in Buckinghamshire, was after his death seen by many, but especially the maid of the house, leaning, in a melancholy posture, against a tree, attired in the same cap and dress in which they laid him out. We may no more deny these appearances than we may deny the existence of the soul or our immortal hopes. Besides which, if more testimony were wanted, Plutarch, Apuleius, and all the Roman and Grecian histories are full of such instances.'

'But, Mr. Hilyard, is there any like my own?'

'I know not one,' he replied, thoughtfully; 'for there is no threat, nor any call for repentance. You have nothing to do with gipsies and flogging of backs; and there remains the friendly and comfortable assurance, if I may make so bold as to say so, of my lord's disposition and affection—of which I, for one, have long been fully certain. So, Miss Dorothy, I would advise and counsel that nothing more be said or thought about this strange thing, especially to the girl, lest she be puffed up with conceit and vanity.'

What happened that same day was this, though I heard it not till long afterwards. Mr. Hilyard, on leaving me, repaired to a quiet chamber, where he would be undisturbed, and then sent for Jenny to attend him.

She came in fear and trembling.

'Now,' he said, shaking his fore-finger in a very terrible way, 'what is this I hear about Mr. Francis and yourself?'

'I know nothing, sir,' she began.

'About the camp, now.'

'If Miss Dorothy thought she heard Mr. Frank tell me about my cousin Pharaoh's back, she must have dreamed it.'

'Now, girl, thou art caught. Know that your mistress said not one word to you of Pharaoh and his back, which I hope hath been soundly lashed for his many thieveries. Therefore, since I know it, because she told me, and since she hath not told you, pray, how do you know it? Girl, on your knees and confess, or worse will happen to thee.'

Upon this she burst into tears, fell upon her knees, and confessed a most wonderful thing, which made Mr. Hilyard's very wig to stand on end, so strange it was.

She owned that she possessed, having learned it from her grandmother, a strange and mysterious power over certain persons; that she amused herself with trying it upon various men; that there was a poor fellow at Blanchland whom she could make to fetch and carry at her will; but that there was no one over whom she had greater power than over Mr. Frank.

Being asked if he knew, she denied it,

saying that, although it pleased him to converse with her sometimes, and to learn from her the secrets of palmistry, and other little things which he persuaded her to teach him, he had no knowledge of the trance into which she could throw him at will; and that, during that period, he could tell her what people were doing anywhere in the world, and what were their thoughts; that she was exercising this gift of sorcery, the power of which belongs only to the gipsies, and to few among them, when Miss Dorothy surprised her; that she hastened to send Mr. Frank, still unconscious, back to the library, so that, when he returned to himself, he knew not that anything had happened; and thereby she was able to deceive her mistress.

'In the name of Heaven, child!' cried Mr. Hilyard in affright, 'hast thou such a power over me?'

Jenny swore she had none, nor was like to have if she tried; and that she would never try upon him, being afraid of detection; nor upon his honour, Mr. Forster, as in duty bound; nor upon her mistress. But that,

as to this young gentleman, he forced himself upon her, coming continually to her, and begging to have the future revealed, either by cards, or by the lines of his hand, or the shape of his head, or the circumstances of his birth; and then nothing would satisfy him but to know, and to learn for himself how, and by what rules and observations, these things were done; so that he laid himself directly open, as it were, to the Evil One; and when the young witch, for so one must now think her, essayed her art upon him, he fell a ready victim. Lastly, the girl implored Mr. Hilyard, with many tears, and on her bended knees, to forgive her, promising that never again would she speak with Mr. Frank, nor practise upon him this truly diabolical art, on penalty of being instantly dismissed the service of Miss Dorothy, and haled before a Justice of the Peace to be dealt with as a witch.

Well, Mr. Hilyard, as he afterwards confessed, was greatly concerned at this narrative, which surprised as well as terrified him. First, he endeavoured to convince the girl that she was in the hands of the Evil One,

who would infallibly, unless she repented, bring her to such sufferings as she could not yet even dream of; next, that it was the height of presumption for her to exercise this dreadful power upon a young gentleman; thirdly, he promised to consider what was best to be done, and, if he could, to hide the fact, on her faithful promise to abstain for the future, to fast once a week for six months for penance, and to pray night and morning to be delivered from the Devil. So he dismissed her.

'Next,' he told me afterwards, 'I fell to thinking how dreadful a thing it must be to possess this power, and how constant a temptation there would be to use it for one's own advantage, or to gratify malice, revenge, and private spite: so that, if all possessed it, for one who would use it for the public good a hundred would use it for their own selfish ends. Further, that an unfortunate creature under this power, and compelled by this influence, might commit the most horrible crimes and know nothing about it. Why, many a poor wretch may have been hanged for things done by command

of her who had bewitched him. And as for me, I confess (which shows my unworthiness) that I forgot the wickedness of tempting the Lord and the sin of Saul, and longed to consult so strange an oracle on my own account. From this I was protected by Grace.'

For my own part, I resolved to say nothing about it, thinking that we should leave Dilston in a few days, and that meanwhile I would watch diligently, and prevent the meeting together in any place of the girl and Mr. Frank. But she gave me no more trouble, and I think there was not another meeting before we went away.

CHAPTER XVII.

HE LOVES ME.

Of all pleasant things upon the earth, there cometh an end in time. Nay, the more pleasant are the things, the shorter they are, and the faster do they hasten away. This is wisely ordained lest we forget in the present the joys which await us, greater than mind can conceive or tongue can utter, in the world to come. Whereas I, for my part, by foretaste, and as it were by looking through the gates of Paradise (which I certainly was permitted to do while my lord bestowed his affections upon me), am privileged above my less fortunate fellow-creatures to know something of the grateful, happy, and contented heart of those who wear the golden crown and play upon the golden harp.

As the time drew near for us to go, it seemed as if everybody multiplied kindness. The two ladies gave me more pretty things with generous words, and Lady Mary whispered, pressing my hand, 'My dear, remember that a Radcliffe must always be a Catholic,' and I said 'Yes; that I knew it well,' thinking that she meant only that her nephew must not be converted to the Church of England by me. Lady Katharine took both my hands in hers, and kissed me on the forehead, saying that no doubt I should be led, by pleasant ways, to see the beauty and joyfulness of that Fold wherein alone poor sinful man could find peace and rest for his soul. This, too, I took for little meaning, because she was so good and so pious a woman that she wished everybody to belong to her own Church. Nor did I yet understand what was meant by the text which forbids an unequal yoke. Certainly, we who had been brought up among so many Catholics, seeing them no worse (if no better) in honour, loyalty, and virtue than ourselves, were not likely to consider a man an unbeliever because he attended

Mass. To this day, though I have long pondered upon the matter, I cannot quite persuade myself that St. Paul, when he set down certain instruction of his command, was thinking of the Pope and his followers. No; I was thinking if I turned my thoughts at all in that direction, which I doubt, that my lord might go to Dilston Chapel and I to Hexham Church, a separation painful in the idea, but doubtless it would be made tolerable in time.

Mr. Errington, of Beaufront, hinted at the matter more plainly. He said that he was rejoiced to find that my lord's fancy was so soon, and so happily, fixed. That the Forsters were fully the equals of the Radcliffes, though there was not yet an earl or a baron among them.

'My dear,' he said, being an old gentleman of a very soft heart, anxious to make ladies happy when he could—'my dear, I knew and loved Lady Crewe ten years before she married the Bishop: a beautiful creature, indeed, she was, and full of great majesty, yet not so beautiful as you, my second Dorothy, believe me. For thou art as sweet,

and gracious withal, as she was dignified. We country gentlemen were too rude and plain of speech for her. I blame her not, and she was born to be a Peeress, as was manifest by her beauty and the awe with which she surrounded herself, as you, my child, for your beauty too, and for your sweetness. Hath my lord told you that your smile is like the sunshine on a field of growing corn?'

'Oh, sir!' I replied, 'my lord hath paid me many sweet compliments, and I think my head is half turned.'

'Nay; a beautiful woman cannot rejoice too much in her beauty. See now, Miss Dorothy; we are all of us pleased that my lord shall marry a North-country maiden, one of ourselves: the marriage of his father was not happy; we desire to keep all Radcliffes to the north; moreover, generous as he is, it cannot be denied that his lordship does not know our gentlemen and their ways; nor our people and their ways; he must put off a little of the Versailles manner and descend to plain folk.'

'Oh!' I declared, 'one would not wish him altered one jot from what he is.'

'Nay, keep him as he is; but make him something more. It is not enough to give; he must understand his people. Well, he can have no kinder schoolmaster. Pretty Dorothy! Thy blushes become thee, child, as its bloom becomes the peach. As for the one obstacle, to my mind it needs not to be named. One religion will take a man to heaven as well as another, though Mr. Howard would not acknowledge it; and I am a Catholic, and should not say so. Let not pride prevent the removal of that obstacle. A religion held by so goodly a part of Christendom cannot be wrong; and you shall be rewarded with the noblest young lover that exists, I believe, in the whole world.'

This speech chilled my spirits very considerably. For to change my religion—what would her ladyship say? What, my father? what, my brother Tom? what, the Bishop? Yet what matter what all together said, if it made my lord happy? And so, at the moment, it seemed a small thing and easy to change one's articles of religion and accept the chains of the Roman Faith.

Next, Mr. Howard sought me and begged a word. He said, speaking very gravely, that no one could affect ignorance of the fact that my lord was fully possessed with the idea of a certain lady; that the subject was much in his own mind; that, on the one hand, it was greatly to be hoped that he would ally himself to a family of the north, and with a gentlewoman whose good sense and moderation would prevent him from falling into the snares always laid for such as his lordship. But these dangers were increased in his case by his ignorance of England and the English people; for example, that there was, he believed, great exaggeration as to the strength of the Prince's cause, and therefore great caution must be observed as to any decisive movement; that he believed myself—that certain lady, namely—capable of giving good and wise counsel, and he earnestly prayed—at this point of his discourse the tears came into his eyes—that should the thing which he suspected proceed farther, such a measure of light and grace might be accorded to that young lady as to lead her to the bosom of the ancient

Church—with more to the same effect, and all with such earnestness and so much affection towards my lord and his interests, as moved me, too, to tears; especially when this venerable man spake of the fellowship in the Church of Christ, one and indivisible, so much was I moved, so deeply did I feel the beauty of the pictures which he drew, that I verily believe, had he on the spot offered to receive me—if that offer had been made in the presence of my lord himself—alas! one knows not; woman is at best a weak creature, easy to be led—but there might have been one more Catholic in the world; there might have been a happy bride: yet, as we may not choose but believe, and as the Bishop himself has often said, things are directed for us; we know not for what reason we are guided; nor can we tell in the great scheme of the universe what part even so insignificant a thing as a young woman (though of good family) may be called upon to play. His lordship was not present; Mr. Howard did not offer to take me to the chapel; and so, with tears on both sides, we parted. Yet it must

be confessed that I knelt to receive his blessing as if he had been the Bishop of Durham himself. When one converses with Papists like Mr. Howard, men so gentle, so blameless in life and conversation, so learned and so benevolent, one wonders about the hard things said daily of the ancient Church; one forgets the cruel fires of Smithfield; one even forgets the Spanish Inquisition itself. It is not till afterwards that one asks if it would be possible, even for the sake of a lover, to belong to a Church which yearly tortures and strangles and burns men whose only crime is to think for themselves. How can these things be? How can the same Church produce at once, in the same generation, such a man as Mr. Howard and such as the Grand Inquisitor?

Then Frank Radcliffe came.

'I am right sorry you are going,' he said. 'The place will be dull without you, Dorothy. My lord will hang his head and mope. I shall have no one to talk with. But you will come back soon. Promise me that, Dorothy. You know very well what I mean. Come back and make us all happy.'

'Indeed,' said I; 'would my coming back make you all happy?'

'First,' he said, 'it would make my brother happy, because he is in love with you; next, me, because I love you too, and just as well, but a man must give way to his elder brother; next, because Charles also loves you, and swears he is your knight till death; and next, on account of my aunts, who will be happy if the Earl is happy. All of us, fair Dorothy.'

'But, Frank—it is good of you to say this—but remember that I know not what my lord may intend; and if it were as you say, there would be much to consider.'

'Oh, the Mass—the Mass!' he replied impatiently. 'When one is brought up in the Fold, one troubles one's head little about these things. To give up the Church would be a great thing, but surely there can be no trouble about coming back to it.'

This shows how prejudiced the mind may become, when accustomed to the pretensions of Rome. But I was better brought up.

It cannot be denied that the contemplation of this amiable family, all combined in pressing upon me to accept what I most of all

things in the world desired to obtain, was very moving to me; and when Lord Derwentwater himself conversed with me on the subject, I was, I now confess, ready to yield unconditional submission. If men only knew the weakness of women, they could make them say or do what they please. But perhaps men themselves are not so strong as they seem to be. Indeed, that must be so.

'Fair Daphne,' my lover began, 'it is sad indeed to think that to-morrow thou must go from us. The sun will shine no more in Dilston.'

'Oh, my lord,' I said, 'do not talk any more the language of gallantry; you have spoiled me enough. I am but plain Tom Forster's sister, and in Northumberland we are not accustomed to your fine French compliments. Let me, however, thank your lordship for your very great kindness both to my brother and to myself.'

'Let there be no longer, then,' he said, and as he spoke his beautiful eyes grew so soft and his voice so sweet that oh! my heart melted clean away, and I could have fallen at his feet, even like Esther at the

feet of the great King, and that without shame—'let there be no longer compliments between us. You shall be no more the nymph Daphne; you shall be, what you are, only Tom Forster's sister—only the beautiful and incomparable Dorothy, whom I love.'

'Oh, my lord! Think—I am no great lady of fashion—you would be ashamed of your rustic passion in a week.'

'Ashamed! Why, Dorothy, with their paint and patches and powder, there is not, believe me, in all Versailles and Paris, to say nothing of London, which I know not—there is nowhere, I swear, a woman fit to hold a candle beside so sweet a face as yours. My dear, thou art—no, I will not make any more compliments. But, Dorothy, I love thee.' And with that he fell upon his knee, and began to kiss my hand, murmuring softly, 'I love thee, my dear—I love thee with all my heart.'

'Oh, my lord!' I repeated, the fatal words having been spoken, overwhelmed with a kind of terror and awe and shame, because why should he love me so much? 'You

love me—you love me—alas! how can it be? What shall I say—what shall I say?'

'Say only, my dear, that you will love me in return.'

Then there arose in my mind, doubtless sent by Heaven, the memory of certain words spoken by Mr. Hilyard concerning the Church of England—how that it was as ancient as the Church of Rome, and as safe, and yet unstained by the blood of martyrs. Also, I seemed to see before me the awful form of the Bishop, tall and menacing, beckoning me away.

'Speak, Dorothy, my dear—oh, Dorothy, speak! Why are you trembling? Merciful Heaven! have I said anything to terrify this tender heart? What troubles my love?'

'Oh, Lord Derwentwater, it is—the Mass!'

He let my hand fall, and for a moment he was silent. Then he began again, hotly:

'The Mass! Is it a Mass shall part us? Why, child, I love thee so well that I will give up Church and all for thy sweet sake if thou wilt not give up thy Church for mine. The Mass against thy hand! Nay, I too

will become of the English Church. Thou hast converted me already.'

Was there ever so fond and true a lover? But I remembered again what he had said, months before, at Blanchland.

'No, no,' I replied, 'you cannot. Other men, smaller men, may change their faith, but you must not. Remember what you told me once——'

'Doth my sweet Dorothy remember even my idle words? All my words are idle except my last—that I love thee.'

'Do I remember them, my lord?—as if I could ever forget them! You said, without knowing then what the words might some day mean, that I could persuade you to anything except what concerns your honour, and that your honour is concerned with your faith. Never—never shall it be said that I sought to turn you aside from your honour. My lord, if you seriously think of such a thing, put it out of your mind. Oh! what is a foolish, worthless girl compared with the career and the history of a great lord like yourself?'

He would have replied to this in the same

hot strain, for there was now in his eyes the hot flame of love that will not be denied—the masterful look which frightens women, and compels them (yet I think he would never have compelled me to accept the sacrifice he offered)—but Mr. Howard stepped between us. He had, I suppose, entered unseen, and heard the last words.

'I thank you, young lady,' he said, 'in the name of a greater even than his lordship; the Holy Church thanks you. I would that all her daughters were as noble and as truly great as yourself. My lord, your passion is honourable, as becomes your rank. You would neither do yourself, nor ask Miss Dorothy to do, what in her conscience she would not approve.'

Lord Derwentwater answered not.

'Part here, my children,' Mr. Howard continued; 'enough has been said. You, my lord, can afford to wait six months. If your passion be what you think it to be, six months is a short time indeed for meditation and endeavour to make yourself worthy of this young lady. And for you, Miss Dorothy, I pray you to read the books which I shall

give you. Believe me, you have my prayers, my earnest prayers, and those of the two saintly ladies of this house. In six months my lord, if he be in the same mind, and unless you have already sent him away, will look for your reply.'

Lord Derwentwater, without a word, fell on his knee again, and kissed my fingers. Then he left the room with bowed head.

'Not the chief of the Radcliffes only, but also his wife and his children and grandchildren must remain in the ancient Catholic Faith,' said Mr. Howard gravely.

And then I understood, for the first time fully, that the passion of my lord, however vehement, would never, by those greater than himself, be allowed to imperil his adherence to the old religion. Alas! just as poor Frank had said, 'You play with us, you feast with us, you sport with us; but you will not allow us to fight for you, or to make laws for you, to administer justice to you.' So I thought bitterly that I might say, as a Protestant, to the Catholics, 'You play with us, you feast with us, you make love to us; but you will not marry us.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

So, after a long ride of three days, we arrived again at Bamborough—what things had I seen since last we left the Manor House!—and in the quiet life as of old I had leisure to read and reflect upon the tracts and books given to me by Mr. Howard. In so far as they spoke of obedience to authority, then truly I was entirely at one with his friends, because I had always been brought up to submit myself dutifully to those in authority, and especially my spiritual pastors and masters. Yet I was thankful that our own rule was so light and our yoke so easy to be borne compared with the practices imposed upon the faithful in that other flock—as fasting throughout Lent, and on Fridays, and on many other days in the year. But

when the books spoke of Early Fathers, and writings almost sacred, and Decretals, and so forth, then was I lost; because if these things were true, why was not the Lord Bishop converted long since, and the Vicar of Bamborough? And if things were not true, as were therein stated, why was not the Pope himself long since converted? Ah! how happy a thing it would be for the whole world if the Pope could be converted! There would then be no more Inquisitions, no more tortures, no more quarrels, no more parting of lovers. The Bishop of Rome would be but as the Bishop of Canterbury—and this is a foolish woman's idle dream.

Truly, I was little forwarded for all my reading. I had no one with whom I could consult, because, as my lord's proposals had not been made either to Tom or to my father, they were in a manner secret, at least for six months. Strange that Tom suspected nothing. Never was there at any time a man whose thoughts ran less upon love or anything to do with love; and as he never fell in love himself (which in the sequel proved a fortunate circumstance), so he never

thought that any would fall in love with his sister. Still less would it appear to him possible that this could be the case with so great and exalted a man as Lord Derwentwater, for whom he entertained a profound veneration in spite of continual assurances, made to gratify his own vanity, that a Forster was as good as a Radcliffe (which no one has ever doubted, I believe).

For a time, therefore, I meditated alone upon this important matter. It would be foolish to deny that I was greatly taken by the prospect which thus suddenly and unexpectedly opened out before my eyes. Natural pride in my own family forbade any feeling of inferiority—that James Radcliffe was the third Earl was only owing to his father's marriage with King Charles's daughter, who must needs have a husband among the Peers. The first baronet of the House received this title after—not before—the honour of knighthood was conferred upon Sir Claudius Forster. There was, therefore, no inequality as to family; and as for lands, possessions, and wealth, it may be truly said that these entered little into my mind. But I acknowledge that

my imagination was fired with the person and the qualities possessed by the owner of this coronet and these lands; and never since have I looked upon the like of that noble gentleman — call him rather a prince—in whom were gathered together so many virtues without one defect. I felt in some sort even ashamed that such a man might offer his hand and service to one simple and inexperienced as I was, a mere gentlewoman with nothing but my beauty (such as that might be) and my virtue and piety (why, there was the rub) to recommend me. He knew Courts, and the great ladies of Versailles and St. Germain's. Was there one of them too high for him? Was there, among the greatest ladies of the proudest aristocracy in the world, even the Rohans, the Montmorencies, or the Lusignans, any who would not be honoured by such an offer from James Radcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater?

To refuse it would seem madness; yet to accept it would be—might be—a sin so great that it would never be forgiven. It is cruel when religion is pitted against love, and

when a girl has to choose between her lover and her hopes of heaven.

For who can be converted by merely wishing? Who, by argument, reading, or thinking, can put away from his mind the doctrines in which he hath been brought up from childhood? A woman might bring herself to hear Mass, to call herself a Catholic, to confess, to submit to the Church for the sake of her lover and her husband; but with what despair must she look forward to that day when she must give up the pretence, and confess the falsehood of her life before an offended Judge!

I had from infancy been taught, and now firmly held, the doctrines of the Christian faith as professed by the Church of England. By what reasoning could I, unassisted, exchange these for the Roman Catholic doctrines? And, even if assisted—say by Mr. Howard—with what face could I ever afterwards meet the Bishop, and own to him that the authority of this simple Romish priest had more weight for me than the authority of himself, the great and lordly Bishop of Durham? Or with what reply could I meet

the charge that I had thrown away my religion to get me a lover? Oh, shame! Yet such a lover!

The soul can play all manner of juggling tricks with herself. Therefore it is not wonderful that a woman should be led away for a time with cases and arguments which at first looked pretty enough, yet soon crumbled into dust and ashes. As that Naaman was allowed to go with his master into the Temple of Rimmon, though it is nowhere stated that he was to profess the worship of that idol, whoever he may be. (Mr. Hilyard said it was the Pomegranate and the symbol of fertility; but who would be so foolish as to worship a mere fruit? Naaman's master must surely have been better than a fool.) And again, the example of Henry IV. of France, which hath misled many. Truly no more wicked speech could have been made than that of his, in which he spoke of valuing the crown of France at more than a Mass. Put against this the noble example of Queen Elizabeth, who, in the reign of Queen Mary, went daily in peril of her life, yet would not

give up the Protestant religion; and, if you will, the examples of King James II. and his son, who gave up three crowns rather than relinquish the faith which they (wrongly) believed to be true. There is no help for it, I suppose, but that women brought up in the Roman Faith must needs abide in it, How much the more, then, that we, who belong to the Pure and Reformed branch of the Universal Church, should cling to it as the only hope of our souls! As for controversy, Mr. Hilyard once said well, 'There is nothing more excellent than religion; but to raise quarrels over it is to dishonour it. Why should that which is designed to make us happy in another world make us miserable in this? Wherefore it comes to this, that we shall never all be perfectly happy till we are all agreed upon the Thirty-nine Articles of the Faith.'

When that happy event will happen none can predict—perhaps not till long after the present century—a third part of which is, while I write these words, already gone; perhaps not till the nineteenth century itself is drawing to a close, and the end of all things is approaching.

Then I laid the case, but with feigned names and false circumstances, before Mr. Hilyard. I inquired of him his opinion as to change of creed in general, whether there were no cases in which it would be allowed (always supposing that reason and conscience went the other way). Thus I put before him (as if the Prince was in my mind) the case of a sovereign whose conversion, real or pretended, would bring happiness to his country; or a godly minister whose obedience to the law would secure his services to his helpless parishioners; or a bishop who, by outward conforming, might keep moderate doctrines in his diocese; or a gentleman who, by professing himself of the Church of England, might obtain a commission of the Queen, and so rise to great honour; or a woman who, by acknowledging a faith in which her conscience forbade her to engage, might make her lover happy, and, perhaps in the event, lead him to her own Church.

There never, surely, was a man stronger in the cause of virtue than Mr. Hilyard. If there were more like him, the wickedness

of the age would long since have wholly vanished. As for the example of his private life, it becomes not a fellow-sinner to judge. If we may compare small with great, it cannot be denied that the King who wrote (by Divine guidance) the most perfect book of rules for the conduct of life, did by no means set a pattern of self-denial in his own practice. So with Mr. Hilyard.

I put forward my question with much confusion and many blushes, because I feared that Mr. Hilyard might guess the cause and secret purpose of my simulated cases. He answered not for some moments, looking earnestly into my face. Then he, too, changed colour, and gave his answer, walking about the room and in some agitation of manner which surprised me.

'As for the cases advanced,' he said, 'there are none to be for a moment considered, except the last. The King who sacrificed his conscience to his ambition laid open a way to greater evils. Heaven raised up in Henry IV. a champion for the Protestant Faith second only to that great and god-like man, Coligny. Had he adhered, the wars

might have continued and France might have been partitioned; but the Protestants would have won their freedom. The duty of a minister is clearly indicated in the history and example of Mr. Gilpin, of Houghton-le-Spring, who persevered in his Protestant teaching throughout the reign of Bloody Mary, ever keeping ready a white shirt in which to present a comely appearance at the stake. Yet, being haled up to London, he broke his leg, which, causing him to lie in bed, saved his life, because Mary died, and good Queen Bess succeeded. As for a young gentleman of a Catholic family, we have,' he said, 'many instances around us of those who, for want of a profession, pass idle and ignoble lives, as if drinking and sport were the only objects for which man, a rational being, was created. But as for their consciences, you must please to excuse me. I doubt much whether the conscience of such a young gentleman would trouble him so much as his sense of honour; and once entered upon the roll of a regiment, there would be mighty little further question as to religion. The English armies,' he

added, 'are Protestant to the backbone. That cannot be denied. Yet how far their lives and daily conversation are guided by their religion, and how far their practice is conversant with their profession, I am not prepared to say. If, therefore, Miss Dorothy, any of his honour's Catholic friends are minded to renounce the Pope, in order to bear a pike or carry the colours, encourage them by all means.'

'There remains,' he went on to say, 'the last case.' Again he stopped, and again earnestly gazed upon my face. 'I am not, I confess, skilled in casuistry; nor can I advise as to the case. Yet, were it to arise, I would advise the woman to whom it occurs to take the matter seriously in hand, and if she have friends and relations in authority and high places, to lay the decision before them, as one which affects not her happiness only or the happiness of her lover, but also her conscience and her soul.' He said this very seriously, so that his words fell deeply into my heart.

'I know,' he went on, 'that a beautiful woman can persuade a man who loves her

to any course which she desires; for which cause Kings are led by their mistresses, and, in Catholic countries, the mistresses are guided by the priests. We need not go back to consider the case of Achilles, of Samson, Æneas, David, Marc Antony, and Solomon. There are instances enough of our own times. Witness our own Charles II., and the Grand Monarque himself, now a slave to Madame de Maintenon. Truly, Miss Dorothy, an amorous man is like a weathercock in the hands of the woman whom he loves. Wherefore the poets have rightly feigned that love turns one into a boar, and another into an ass, and a third into a wolf—why, the French King hath been boar, wolf, and ass in turn. But, you may argue, the virtuous love of one woman and one man is not to be compared with the fleeting amours of a King. That is indeed true; not the less is it true that the woman able to fix the affections of one who, though a husband, remains a lover, may lead him whithersoever she pleases. The case, Miss Dorothy, is too high for me. If I were a Jesuit, I should say, "The end justifies

the means; let the maiden confer happiness upon the man, relying on her strength to lead him into a better way." But I am an English Churchman, and I doubt. The rule is laid down plain for all to read, "The lip of truth shall be established for ever, but a lying tongue is but for a moment." Wherefore let this young gentlewoman seek counsel of those in authority.'

Mr. Hilyard said this with so much gravity that his words sank into my heart, and I began to ask myself seriously whether, even for my lover, I ought to do so grave a thing. For several days afterwards I observed that he was agitated, and would go a-walking by himself in the garden, shaking his forefinger as he went, as one does who is in trouble. I knew very well, poor man, that he was in trouble about me, and that he had divined my secret.

I followed not his advice, however, in asking the counsel of those in authority. Rather I put the decision off, as is the custom of women when in a doubt. Time, accident, authority, would decide. Again, a woman must not for ever be thinking about

her love affairs. Was there not my brother Tom to think of? Then came the spring, and June was upon us, and my lord's visit was to come within a very little while, and I was no nearer the Altar and the Mass (yet open to persuasion) than I had been at the New Year.

I know not how Lady Crewe became possessed of my secret, and therefore I was greatly astonished when I received, only the day before my lord arrived, the following letter, sent to me all the way from Durham by special messenger. The letter, wrapped in three folds of paper, was superscribed: 'These for the private eye of my niece, Dorothy Forster.' I opened it with such fear and trembling as always seize the person who receives a letter. And all the more because I knew from whence it came, and guessed quickly what it might contain.

'My dear and loving Niece,' the letter began,—'It hath been brought to my knowledge that a young gentleman, whose name need not be mentioned between us, is desirous of making thee an offer of his hand and

estate. The hand is most honourable and the estate is goodly. Also the young gentleman is reported to possess virtues and accomplishments quite uncommon even among those of exalted rank. For these reasons, the Bishop and myself would be willing to give our approval to the proposal as one likely to lead to the earthly happiness of both, although the suitor is still a man in very early manhood. My own happiness, as my niece knows very well, has been obtained by marriage with a man forty years my senior, and immeasurably above what any woman can hope in wisdom, benevolence, and true piety. Yet I say not that happiness may not be had between persons more nearly of an age—when, that is, the husband is able to inspire respect, if not awe, and the wife is filled with the desire of doing her duty according to the submission enjoined by Apostolic law.

'There is, however, in this case, the difficulty that the young gentleman is a Catholic, and may not marry any outside the pale of his own Church. Nor can he, being bound in honour, change the faith

in which he hath been educated. My lord the Bishop hath very seriously considered the case, and asked himself the question whether a young woman in such a position may with a good conscience embrace the religion of her lover. He bids me now admonish you that such an act, even with the intention of, perhaps, weaning her lover from his opinions, cannot be allowed as lawful or permitted on the ground of expediency. Wherefore, my dear Dorothy, should this suit be persevered in, we look from thee for such behaviour as becomes the dignity of a Forster and the duty of a Churchwoman. And think not but that thou shalt be rewarded in some way—how, we know not, yet believe that she who doth righteously shall receive a crown. Marriage, child, is an honourable condition; yet they do well sometimes who are not married; and truly, I myself waited until I was already twenty-seven before I married my lord.

'I learn, further, that thy brother knoweth nought of this matter. It is well; Tom is more generous than prudent; his counsels are too much guided by the wine of yesterday.

Tell him nothing unless it be necessary; let it not be known for vanity's sake that this alliance was offered to you; let it be kept a secret, for the sake of the young gentleman, that you refused him. In all difficulties, my dear niece, write to me for guidance, resting well assured that the Bishop is ever ready to give his consideration to the affairs of his wife's family.

'I hear little or nothing new from London. They talk of letters between the Prince and his sister; and that he is now at Bar-le-Duc. Our friends in London are daily growing more confident, and the country is reported more impatient; therefore we hope and pray daily that when the Queen dies, though this event may not happen for a great many years, the Prince will quietly return and take his place without opposition, or any bloodshed.

'I grieve that my nephew Tom doth not yet consider it to be his duty to marry, so that heirs may be reared for the great estate which he will some day obtain. The misfortunes of the Forsters in losing three goodly sons without issue have been so great that I would fain see another generation arise in

whom the line should be continued. There were nine of us as children—who would desire more?—and now but one survives—myself. I learn that the monument I have ordered for my late brothers' memory is nearly ready for Bamborough Church; wherefore I purpose this summer, if my lord's health continues good, to journey northwards, in order to see that my design hath been faithfully carried out. I am desired by the Bishop to convey to thee his blessing.

'Thy loving Aunt,

'DOROTHY CREWE.'

This letter was like a surgeon's knife, so keen was its edge and so intolerable was its pain, even though it was wholesome for the soul!

The inclination of a girl is not a thing with which the world is concerned. Yet I must confess that the pain, the anguish, the bitterness of losing that dear hope which had made me happy for six months, were more than I could well bear. Alas! I know the pains of love as well as the blessings of love. Oh! why—why could they not let me alone?

Why should not I make my lord happy for a short lifetime, and pretend for his dear sake the belief which I could not feel? Happy those who number not a bishop among their parents and superiors!

So farewell, love! And now for a time the sun was to be darkened, the moon was to shed no light; there would be no perfume of flowers, sweet breath of wind: the sea should be a blood-red sheet, and the green fields as a desert of sand, until the Lord should send a softened heart with resignation to the Heavenly will.

CHAPTER XIX.

MY DECISION.

Just as Mr. Forster's visit to Dilston is by some pretended to have had a political meaning, so Lord Derwentwater's visit to Bamborough in the following June is also wrongly so described, as will immediately become apparent. In truth, there was in neither any political or rebellious intentions whatever; but as at Dilston the Radcliffe cousins assembled to keep their Christmas and New Year with the Earl, so at Bamborough the Protestant gentlemen, including those who then and afterwards remained well affected to the Hanover usurpation, gathered together to meet Lord Derwentwater. People in the south cannot understand how Protestants and Catholics can meet in Northumberland without immediately falling to

loggerheads and quarrelling about the Pope. And it seems the belief of the common sort in London that the appearance of a Catholic should be the signal for the throwing of brickbats, dead cats, and stones at his head. This kind of piety we do not understand. Alas! it was my unhappiness during this time of company, when everyone expected smiles and a face of joy, to feel that such a reply would have to be given to my lord as would fill two hearts with unhappiness. I carried Lady Crewe's letter with me always, not for comfort, but for support, for it afforded me small consolation to know that I had the permission or license of the Church to make myself unhappy. Father Howard, on the other hand, would have given me authority to be happy. I perceived, too, that Mr. Hilyard had fully divined my secret, because he now sat glum, and looked at me with eyes full of pity, though he spoke not for a time. This is a grievous thing for a young woman who hath a great secret, to find that a third person has guessed it; for then must she either confess it to that person, in which case she blabs the secret of another, or she must go

on pretending to hide what has already been discovered, like an ostrich with her eggs, or the pelican who is said to bury her head in the sand, and so to think that all is concealed. Mr. Hilyard gave no sign of his discovery save by tell-tale eyes, which, dissimulator of looks though he was, could not hide from me the truth that he knew my trouble and sorrow.

A day or two before my lord arrived, he began, Tom being present, to speak very briskly about badgers, otters, cub-foxes, sea-fowl, and other things with which his lordship might be amused; and presently, Tom having withdrawn, he said to me gravely:

'Miss Dorothy, I would that I could hope to see the roses return to your cheeks when my lord comes. Believe me, those others who love you (in thine own station and with the respect due) take it greatly to heart that they see you thus going in sorrow and trouble.'

At these kind words I began to cry and lament.

'Nay,' he said, 'there is, be assured, no man in the world worth your tears. And

there is remedy for those who will find it, as is shown in the "Remedium Amoris." Cressida forsook Troilus for Diomede; Paris left Œnone for Helen; Helen preferred, to the tender care of the best of husbands, Paris and the flouts of the Trojan ladies; one Cupid is painted contending with another, because one love driveth out another.'

'I know not,' I replied, 'how there can be two loves in one life. These are idle words, Mr. Hilyard. What is Helen or Cressida to me?'

'It were much to be desired,' said Mr. Hilyard, without replying to this question, 'that the passion of love could be treated as copiously and minutely by ingenious women as it hath been by men, who have written all the love-stories and poems on love, so that the world may very well learn the miseries caused by that passion in men, and its incitements, growth, violence, and remedies. Yet for women there has been nothing (a few fragments by Sappho excepted) written by themselves to tell of the origin, symptoms, and strength of the passion, nor how it differs from the corresponding emotion in men. So

that, though physicians may very well understand the existence of the disease (if it be a disease), even though it exhibit to outward view less violent symptoms than in men, they are apt to treat it as if it were the same in kind, whereas (as I conceive and in my poor judgment) it is by no means of the same kind. This I could make manifest to you, had you the patience to listen.'

'Indeed, sir,' I said, 'I doubt not that you are a very learned person; but suffer me, pray, to know my own heart without your interpretation.'

'For the cure of love in young men,' he went on, 'there are prescribed many things of little service in the case of the other sex. For instance, fasting, exercise, study, the use of lettuce, melons, water-lilies, and rue, combined (in obstinate cases) with flogging. None of these remedies seem convenient or apt for a woman; indeed, for a true *remedium amoris* I think there is nothing absolutely sovereign for a woman, except the comprehension or the discovery that the object of her passion, on account of some vitium or defect which he may possess in mind or body, is among his

fellows contemptible or mean. Others think that a woman is most easily cured by the knowledge of her lover's infidelity or loss of affection: but this produces jealousy, and jealousy incites to revenge, or even madness. Wherefore, Miss Dorothy, I would recommend to all young ladies who are in love that they should steadily keep before their imaginations the imperfections of their lovers.'

'Oh, sir,' I cried, 'this talk is trifling! You have found out my secret and shamed me. You know that I love a man whom I cannot marry. Let that be enough. Why tease me with this foolish prating of lettuce and water-lilies? My lord may—nay, he must—go away and find another woman for his wife. This must I bear without jealousy or revenge, as a Christian woman should, because there is no help for it. But that I should think upon his defects, who hath none! Fie, Mr. Hilyard! I thought not you could say anything so foolish and so cruel.'

'Forgive me,' he replied, seeing that I was now moved to anger.

'Why, after this foolish talk about fickle women (I may not have been so beautiful as

Helen, but I have certainly been more constant), and about the symptoms of love (as if any woman who respects herself would talk to a man about her thoughts and hopes), and about love's remedies and lettuces (as if what one eats and drinks could alter the affections of the heart!)—after all this talk, I say, to advise me that I should fix my mind on my lord's imperfections—of all men the least imperfect!'

'Forgive me, Miss Dorothy. I know of no defects in his lordship, except that he hath made you unhappy with loving you—a thing which he could not help, unless he had been the most insensible of men. Yet I would venture on anything if I could only restore the merry face of my mistress. Did you take counsel with any—any in authority?'

Here he blushed and looked shamefaced; I know not why.

'Lady Crewe hath written to me, enjoining me, in the name of the Bishop, to proceed no farther.'

'Yet your happiness is more to me—I mean, to yourself—even than the order of the Bishop. Wherefore, Miss Dorothy' (he

endeavoured to speak boldly, but failed, and spoke in some confusion, like unto one who first would open up his mind as regards a horrid crime)—'wherefore let us consider that case of conscience which you once laid before me again. It may be that—we shall see—the Bishop may not thoroughly understand. There are excuses' (he seemed feeling about for them). 'It may very well be argued that a young gentlewoman, such as you described in your questions, might be considered as an exceptional case; for not only her own, but also her lover's happiness, is concerned. And he a great nobleman. And though we hold a purer form of faith, yet it cannot be denied that the Catholics have a most venerable——'

'Oh, Mr. Hilyard,' I interrupted, 'your arguments come too late!'

'If you are unhappy,' he replied, 'how much more I, who am the cause!'

'You the cause?'

'Yes,' he hung his head; 'because—because—well, if I had given a different reply to that question.'

He sighed again, and went away; but looked as if there was something still on his

mind, if he dared to say it out. And still he was silent, and behaved like one with a burden on his conscience when in my company. But this did not at all prevent him from being in good voice, and with a cheerful countenance, such as becomes a man who is happy and of a clear conscience, when Mr. Forster had visitors and the drinking and singing began. However, I had long ceased to wonder at the variations in this man, all for virtue in the morning, with a conscience tender, and converse pious and sincere. Yet in the evening, virtue forgotten, folly made welcome, and revelry proclaimed with wicked and idle songs.

The month of June is the spring of Northumberland, and a most beautiful time it is, when every morning yields a new surprise, and the dullest heart cannot but rejoice in the long days and the warm sunshine, after the cold east winds of April and May. In June the very sands upon the shore below the castle show of brighter hue, while the hedges are gay with flowers, and the trees are all glorious with their new finery of leaf. Nowhere, Mr. Hilyard

assures me, are the leaves of the trees more large and full, or the flowers of field, hedge, and ditch more varied, than in this favoured county. It is in this month that a young lover should woo his mistress; it was in this month that Lord Derwentwater came to pay his court to one who was, alas! bidden to say him nay.

He came for no other purpose—though it was given out that he came to stay with Tom Forster, to visit his property in the north of the county (in right of this the north transept of Bamborough Church belonging to him), to talk politics, and whatever the people pleased—he came, I say, with no other object than to see me, and to remind me that the six months had come to an end.

On the first day, and on the second, and on the third, there was no opportunity for private discourse between us, because there was no moment when so honoured a guest was left alone to follow his own course unattended; one gentleman after another being presented to his lordship, and continual amusements (whereof great

men must become wearied) being provided for him. But still he followed me with eyes full of love, and still I trembled, thinking of what was to come, and how I should find the courage to say it.

The first day he explored, with a great company, the dismantled and ruinous chambers of the great castle, Mr. Hilyard going with the party in order to discourse upon the history and antiquities of the place, to describe its sieges, and to enlarge upon the greatness of the Forsters, so that some gentlemen present of equally good family wished that they, too, had in their own houses an Oxford scholar who could keep their accounts, rehearse, as if he were a great historian, the ancient glories of their line, and in the evening sing, and act, and play the buffoon for them to laugh. Truly a valuable servant, a Phœnix of stewards! Lord Derwentwater spoke in great admiration of this venerable pile, compared with which, he said, his own ruined castle of Langley was small and insignificant. He also made some very pertinent remarks about the decay of great families, and the

passage of estates into the female line, and congratulated Mr. Forster the Elder (of Etherston) on the happy circumstances which still preserved this great monument for the original and parent stock, not knowing the truth, that the place belonged to none other than Lord Crewe.

In the evening there was a very splendid supper; not, truly, so fine as could be given at Dilston, but a banquet to simple gentlemen, and there was great havoc among the bottles, though as usual his lordship begged early to be excused, on the ground that though his heart was Northumbrian, his head was still French, and could not endure the generous potations of his friends. They would have been better pleased had he remained toasting and drinking with them, until all were laid on the floor together. In this manner, indeed, many of them proved the friendliness with which they regarded his lordship.

The next day a party was made up to go a-shooting among the wild birds of the Staples and the Farnes, though there is little sport where the birds are so plentiful and

so tame that it is mere slaughter and butchery. That seems to me true sport when a pheasant is discerned among the bushes, and presently put up; or a covey of partridges rises among the turnips, or a fox is made to stake his swiftness and cunning against the swiftness of the hounds; but it is a poor thing indeed to stand upon a rock and shoot among a flying crowd of birds who have no fear of man.

On the morning of the fourth day, Lord Derwentwater rose early, and finding me already up and dressed, surprised me by asking for a dish of chocolate. The habit of drinking chocolate in the morning, although it hath found great favour (surely it is a most delightful and wholesome beverage) among the ladies, is as yet little esteemed by the gentlemen of the north. To these last a tankard of small-ale is considered better for the composing of the stomach and the satisfying of thirst.

'You shall have, my lord,' I said, 'as fine a dish of chocolate as if you were at St. Germain's itself.'

I begged him to wait a few minutes only,

and ran quickly and called Jenny, my maid, to help me. Then, though my heart was beating, I made the chocolate with my own hands, strong, hot, and foaming, while Jenny spread a white cloth and laid the table in the garden under a walnut-tree. When the chocolate was ready I found a new scone made of the finest meal, boiled two or three eggs, and spread all out, with cream and yellow butter from the dairy, and a dish of last year's honey.

'Your breakfast is ready, my lord,' I said, like a waiting-maid. 'But you must take it in the garden, where I have laid it for you.'

He followed me, and protested that he had neither expected nor deserved so great an honour as to be served by Miss Dorothy.

'I am pleased,' I said, 'and honoured in doing so small a service for your lordship, if you can eat eggs and honey and drink chocolate, instead of pressed beef and beer.'

'It is the food of the gods,' he replied, 'or, at least, of Arcadian shepherds. Dorothy, was there ever in Arcadia such a shepherdess?'

One knows not what might have been said further had not Mr. Hilyard appeared abruptly,

taking the early air in a morning-gown, ragged and worn. He would have retired, seeing his lordship, but I bade him stay.

'Here is another of our shepherds,' I said. 'But fie, Mr. Hilyard! Do shepherds in Arcadia wear ragged gowns when they rise in the morning to see great noblemen?'

'Mr. Hilyard will not allow anyone to forget him,' said his lordship kindly. 'He discourses learnedly by day on history and antiquity, and in the evening he displays the powers of the most accomplished mime. I thank you, sir, for your exertions in both capacities. Especially, let me say, for the former.'

'My lord,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'I am like the nightingale. My pipe is kept for the evening. By day I am at the commands of Miss Dorothy.'

'Then, sir, truly you ought to be the happiest of men.'

'My lord,' replied Mr. Hilyard gravely, 'I have the kindest and best of mistresses, who hath ever treated me with a consideration I should be the basest wretch not to feel and acknowledge. In this house there is not

one who doth not daily pray for her happiness, and I, who am the most unworthy, pray the most continually.'

So saying, he bowed low and left the garden, for which I thanked him in my heart, knowing why he did so; and yet trembled, because I remembered my weakness at Dilston, and that I would need to keep careful watch over my words, to discipline my inclinations, and to submit myself and my will wholly to the authority of the Bishop.

Then were we left alone in the garden, whither in the early morning none ever came, except sometimes the gardener. The place was well fitted for our talk, being a bower surrounded on two sides by a hawthorn hedge, now all in blossom and at its sweetest; on the third side having an elderberry-tree, just preparing to flower, and looking upon the bowling-green. Often in the warm evenings the gentlemen would take their tobacco after supper in this retreat.

'Will your lordship first eat your breakfast?' I said, when Mr. Hilyard left us. 'I hope you will find the chocolate to your liking. Let me give you a little more cream;

the eggs are new laid this morning; the air should sharpen your appetite'—talking fast, so that he might be tempted to go on eating, and forget for a moment what was in his mind. But he pushed the plate from him.

'Dorothy,' he cried, 'you think that I can eat when I have found at last an opportunity to speak with you? For what reason, think you, did I come here? Was it to shoot birds on the islands? Was it to drink the Prince's health?'

'Alas! my lord, can you not refrain for a little while? Oh, let me be happy for a short half-hour in serving you! Let me talk of other things—of Dilston. Is your brother, Mr. Frank, well and cheerful? Is Mr. Charles still in good spirits? How is the good Mr. Howard?'

'No, Dorothy, I cannot refrain. I must tell you—because I came here to tell you—that I love you more and more. I think upon your image by day and by night. Five months of meditation have made me only more thy slave. My dear, give me life, or bid me go away and die.'

Now, Heaven guard the religion of a poor weak woman!

Then, while he fell upon his knee and kissed my hand as he had done at Dilston, the same strange weakness fell upon me, like a swoon or fainting-fit; my knees trembled as I stood; my heart began to beat fast, my eyes swam, and I said nothing. Oh! so overwhelming and so strong is this passion in man that it carries away a woman, too, like a straw in a current. And all this while his voice fell upon my ear like music.

'Oh, Dorothy, Dorothy! there is nowhere in this world so divine a face; there are no blue eyes like thine, my dear; there is no voice so sweet as thine; there are no such soft brown curls, no cheeks so red and white, no lips so rosy. Oh, my dear! if I was in love with thee at Christmas, I am ten times more in love at Midsummer.'

Again I felt the pang, but now with tenfold agony, of the Bishop's injunction—ah! why is virtue always so harsh? Again was I tempted, so that if he had, in a way, forced me—if he had only taken me in his arms

and sworn never to let me go till I promised to be of his religion, I must most certainly have yielded. He did not—sinner that I am, I have never ceased to be sorry that he did not—therefore religion triumphed, and I remain a Protestant to this hour. Yet at that moment I would have thrown all away—yes, all—obedience to my Bishop, to my aunt, the faith in which I had been educated, all to go away with this man and cleave unto him. Never again, never again can I be so tempted; never again could there happen to me temptation like unto this. Kind Heaven will not suffer it more than once in a lifetime.

'Oh! rise, my lord,' I cried at last. 'At least let us talk together reasonably. I am not a goddess; I am a poor weak woman, ignorant and rustic; I am not worthy of your regard. Leave me to my own people.'

He obeyed and rose, but his eyes were wild and his cheek flushed. He walked to and fro for a space, swinging his arms, until he grew composed. Then he came back to me and tried to talk soberly.

He spoke, as he always did, with the

greatest modesty about himself. He was fully aware, he said, that an education in France, although it had not made him a Frenchman, very much separated him from his countrymen; so that on his return he found the customs strange to him, and the language, though he spoke English from the cradle, difficult.

'Moreover,' he said, 'I know that my manners are not yours. I have not the frank cordiality of your brother, or the boisterous jollity of his friends; I cannot drink with them; I am not accustomed to their noisy fox-hunting, otter-hunting, badger-baiting; it is strange to me when a gentleman takes a quarterstaff and for half an hour belabours, and is belaboured by, a rustic; in my very dress I lack the simplicity which distinguishes them.' (Here I could not choose but smile, because it was a kind of nature in the Earl to dress finely; and if fine clothes are not made for such as Lord Derwentwater, for whom should they be made?) 'Again, I know not rightly how to treat my people. In France they are not considered; they make the roads, plough the

land, find the soldiers, pay the taxes, but they are not regarded. A French noble is like a creature of another race, to whom the lower race is born subject. I hear of the English freedom and independence; yet when I come home I am received with ten times the welcome and respect which the French *canaille* use towards their betters. Here they do not hate the *noblesse;* on the contrary, they love them. Why, in France a noble thinks little of kicking, beating, and cuffing any man of the lower orders, even if he be a scholar or a poet. Here, gentle or simple, if you strike a man he will return the blow, with the law at his back and no Bastille to fear. So great a thing is liberty! And so hard it is for a gentleman to know how rightly to treat his people! Their friend I would fain be; their equal I cannot be; their oppressor I might be, yet would rather die. How to deserve their love and to retain their respect? Dorothy, let it be your task to teach me!'

'Alas! my lord, there are many better teachers than myself.'

'Nay. I have been walking in the village with Mr. Hilyard, and speaking with the

people. Everywhere it is the same story—the goodness of Miss Dorothy: how kind she is to the poor; of what an open hand and tender heart! There are more poor on the Radcliffe estates than at Bamborough; come to them and be their guardian angel.'

I replied, but with trembling voice, that an angel I could never be; and as for going to Dilston, that was impossible, and I must, alas! still remain at the Manor House.

'There is so great a difference,' he went on, 'between the people of France and of England. Here they dance not on a Sunday, nor is there any playing of the pipe; they do not laugh and sing greatly, yet they are better fed and better dressed, and are truly more happy; they seem sad at first, but they are not sad; sometimes they seem surly, yet they may be trusted. Teach me, Dorothy, better to know this brave folk of Northumberland.'

'Oh, my lord,' I replied, 'you are learning every day; you will understand them soon, far better than I could teach you.'

For a reason which you will presently hear, he did not learn to understand them,

and with all his virtues never became quite a Northumbrian.

'And I am separated from the rest, though there are many Catholics in this country, by our religion. This one does not understand in a Catholic country, where the hatred of the faith by Protestants is not comprehended. Men such as myself, who would fain know the true temper of the people, are open to great danger of deceit. Already I perceive that many things currently reported at St. Germain's were false. In the business of his Highness, we are dependent on our messengers, who may have their own purposes to serve, and may see with eyes of exaggeration.' He stopped and sighed. 'For all these reasons, Dorothy, take pity on me.'

'My lord, if pity be of any use, from my very heart would I give you that pity.'

'If you give it, show it, Dorothy; give me, as well, your hand.'

I made no answer. It was too much for me to bear, that he, so noble and so good, should sue thus humbly for so small a thing.

'Let me see with those sweet English

eyes,' he said. 'Let me be taught by that voice, which is all the music I care to hear.'

'Oh, my lord, it cannot be! Nay, do not force a poor girl against her conscience. First, I am a simple gentlewoman, and know not the manners of the Court. What would her ladyship, your mother, say of such a match?'

'It needs not,' he answered, 'to consider my mother's objections, if she have any. She is now with her third husband, and has no longer any right to be consulted. That is not your reason, Dorothy.'

Like all women, I played round the point as if I would escape it.

'Next, my lord, you want one who in manner and appearance would adorn the high place to which you raise your Countess.'

Here, indeed, he vehemently protested that there never had been, and never would be, one more beautiful, more gracious, more worthy of the highest rank than the fair Dorothy.

'And yet,' he said, 'these are not your reasons. Why, for your sake would I give

up rank and dignities, with all my possessions—happy with you if I had to go to the plantations of Virginia, or the savage wilds of New England.'

'No, my lord; those are not my reasons. Alas! I have but one reason. Father Howard instructed me six months ago what that reason would be.'

'Dorothy, have you not listened to his arguments?'

'Indeed, my lord, I have read them all, and with a heart willing to be convinced, Heaven knows! Why, what should I have to reply when a scholar tells me this and that? How can a poor woman do more than obey authority and trust in the Lord? Yet just as your own honour keeps you to the faith in which you were trained, so does mine forbid me to leave my own save by permission and authority of those who are my natural pastors and masters. For if I did, I believe I should have no more, as long as I live, any rest or comfort in my conscience.'

He made no reply at first to this.

'It is your honour, my lord, as you have

yourself told me. Would it be to my honour if I, being too ignorant to decide on these grave questions, were to abandon the faith of my people, presumptuously give them the lie, and assure so great a scholar as the Lord Bishop of Durham that he is wrong? Can I do this thing, my lord, even for your sake?'

'Is this, then,' he asked sadly, 'the only thing which stands between us? Good God! that we should part because priests cannot agree!'

'Yes,' I said; 'there is nothing else, believe me. Can your lordship think that I am insensible to the offer of so much nobleness—so far greater than any merit of mine? But yet it is an obstacle which cannot be overcome.'

'Nay; but for my sake, Dorothy, listen to Mr. Howard. He will place before you, so plainly that there shall be no manner of doubt possible, reasons which shall compel you, without thinking of me at all, to come into the true Church. I would have no pretended convert. I do not ask you to listen to any arguments of mine; for, indeed, I am

not a Doctor of Divinity—I know not how to defend the Church. There are others who pray daily at the altar for thy conversion. When I came from Dilston, my aunt, whose heart you have won—I mean the Lady Mary—whispered to me, "Bring her back with you; Mr. Howard is ready to resolve her doubts, and I will pray for her."'

I shook my head. There was more than a Mass between us. If it had been only a Mass, Mr. Howard might easily have removed all scruples with ease, because Love would have gone before to clear the way. There was, besides, the tall and venerable form of the Lord Bishop. He seemed at this moment to stand before me, upright as a dart, warning me with a frown, which made me tremble, not to sell my conscience for a wedding-ring.

'Shall we say,' Lord Derwentwater went on, 'that your learning and reason are more than a match for Mr. Howard and all the Church? If it be so, then come and convert him and all of us. Only come and listen to him.'

'Oh, I must not!' I replied. 'My lord, I

have my own people to consider, as well as my own conscience. I doubt not—I am a very weak woman—that the reasons of Mr. Howard, and the prayers of Lady Mary, and my own inclination would speedily effect the conversion which you desire. Yet I am strictly admonished by the Bishop, Lord Crewe, that I already belong to a Church with authority, and that it is the Church of my father and mother.'

'Dorothy, it is for love! By Heaven, if you love me as I love you, no priest, be he bishop or not, shall stand between us! Keep your own religion then, my dear; worship how you please. It must surely be a true religion which such an angel would profess. Go to your own Church—have your own priest; I will never interfere. Only suffer me to have mine.'

Then, indeed, was I for a moment overwhelmed, and felt as if, after all my doubts, heaven itself were opening to me. Each to keep his own religion! Why, what could be a happier settlement? And love to remain! Ah, happy ending!

Yet I know now full well that, had I yielded,

there would have been worse trouble before me, and the misery of being torn from my lover's arms when I thought myself folded securely there for ever. No one, on either side, would have allowed the marriage; either I must be received into the Catholic religion, which the Bishop and Lady Crewe, to say nothing of my father and Tom, would never permit, or Lord Derwentwater must come over to the Protestants—a thing which his people would, with all their powers, oppose.

I was saved by timely, nay, providential, reason. I thought of the dismal condition of parents who agree not in religion, and would each fain bring up the children in different ways, which must be intolerable to a mother; and of the dreadful thing to live with a man whom you fondly love, but concerning whose soul and ultimate fate you tremble continually; and to see your innocent children torn from the true Fold, and brought up in the way of superstition and error. All this I thought upon quickly, and without time to give it words; and then I strengthened my courage (though heart beat and lips were dry, and

hands trembled and knees were sinking), and begged my lord, humbly, to go away and leave me, because I could bear the vehemence of his pleadings no longer. But, I added, I should never—no, not if my days were prolonged far beyond the earthly span—never forget the honour he had done me, and would pray for him night and morning, that he might obtain a wife worthy of him, and children brave and strong, with a long and happy life, and all the best and most precious gifts—yea, and more—that the Lord hath ever vouchsafed to man. Then, being an honourable gentleman, although so torn and distracted by his passion, he desisted, doing and saying no more than to stoop and kiss me upon my forehead, with a—

'Farewell, sweet Dorothy! Now must I go—whither, and what to do, I know not, and care no longer.'

So I was left alone, and, sitting down, could weep and cry to my heart's content.

How long I sat there I know not; but presently I heard a step in the garden, and Mr. Hilyard returned.

'I met my lord,' he said. 'Distraction

was in his look: he hath mounted his horse and ridden away. Oh! Miss Dorothy, my poor mistress, forgive me! it is my fault—my doing—all.'

He threw himself upon his knees.

'Drive me away,' he said; 'I deserve nothing less. For it was none but I who wrote to Lady Crewe and told her of my lord's passion and your doubt. Had it not been for that letter, the Bishop would have known nothing, and long before he could interfere you might have been received in Dilston Chapel. You have been my friend and benefactress, and this is my gratitude. Let me call him back. Why, we need not go to Mr. Howard; I know all his arguments. In half an hour I will convert you myself. In a quarter of an hour I will convince you. I will even ask to be received with you, so as to remain in your service. Be it on my head! It is the least that I can do.'

I bade him be silent, and leave me alone. Yet he was so repentant, and so strangely moved, that I gave him my hand in token of forgiveness, and told him that there was nothing to forgive.

Sometimes, since, I have blamed him for meddling. But, had he not informed Lady Crewe, the thing must have been told her by another, and, sooner or later, the whole business must be opened before her. Besides, he was but doing his duty to his mistress. Yet I have often wondered why, when my lord had me, so to speak, in a melting mood—when my heart was torn to pieces with pity and with love—he did not carry me away straight to the altar, when I might have been converted, received, baptized, confessed, and even married all in an hour, and before there was time to remember the Bishop at all.

CHAPTER XX.

HER LADYSHIP'S LETTER.

Nothing of all this was told by me to Tom or to my father, though afterwards they learned it from Lady Crewe. I saw my lord once more before he went away, but not alone. Nevertheless he whispered, 'Dorothy! you have chosen rightly; all that you do is well done. Farewell!' And so he went away, and I lost the noblest lover that ever wooed a maid. Shortly after I received from Lady Crewe a letter, which I copy out for the consolation of other girls who may be parted from their lovers for conscience or religion's sake. The letter was not brought by the postboy, but one of the Bishop's running footmen, who also carried with him a great parcel of fine things sent to me by her ladyship, kindly hoping thus to cheer my spirits

by the contemplation of black and silver fringe, Geneva velvet, Brussels lace, Italian silk, soft Indian stuffs, white sarsnet, blue and gold atlas, flowered damask, and so forth. It is certainly a great solace to a woman in all the misfortunes of life to have such things to look at, and I dare say many a sad heart may have been comforted by such a present as was thus made to me.

'My dear and loving Niece,' her ladyship wrote,—'I hear from a sure hand that the admonition and advice of the Bishop in this grave affair between Lord Derwentwater and yourself have been duly considered by you, and have borne fruit in your decision, which I pity and am sorry for, while I cannot but approve. It is a grievous thing, indeed, for a woman to send away any gallant gentleman who offers his hand and his affections (yet have I sent away many); much more grievous is it when that gentleman is such an one as my Lord of Derwentwater, a man born, I am persuaded, to be loved by all, a young gentleman of excellent parts and great sweetness, not to speak of his exalted rank and his

nearness to the throne. Among the many offers which I received and refused, there was not one so important as this. Indeed, my dear, the conquest of this admirable young gentleman, though it surprises me not, since the beauty of the women in our family hath ever been coupled with that most excellent gift, the power of attraction, yet it should greatly raise you in the estimation of all. There is not (believe me) a young woman in all England who would not long to have so brave a lover at her feet, and it will be all your life a subject of gratitude and thankfulness that this has happened to you. But if I admire your fortune, child, in this affair, I admire your behaviour more in letting him go. Grievous it is, without doubt, and my heart bleeds for your sorrow. Yet, my dear, on the other hand, consider, I pray, how much more grievous would it be to have taken him. For, just as he can never change the religion in which he was brought up, which is that of his father, of his mother, of his grandfather King Charles, and of his cousin the Prince; so you, for your part, can never change your own, which is that of all the living Forsters,

whether of Etherston or of Bamborough, and that of your illustrious uncle, the Bishop of this diocese. Picture to yourself a distracted household in which the father is a Papist and the mother a Protestant; the children inclining now this way, now that, as they are swayed by their father's or their mother's influence; imagine the unfortunate parents, fearful each for the future lot of the other, and trembling continually for fear whether Heaven can be assured for those who hold to this or to that belief. My dear, thou hast saved thyself from such a fate in the decision which you have taken. Wherefore, learn to look upon the Earl as a friend who cannot possibly become a husband any more than if he were thy brother, and let thy heart be free to listen to the persuasions of other and more fortunate men. Meantime, forget not to take comfort in the thought that thou hast obeyed the admonition of thy Bishop—a thing much more pleasing to Almighty God than the mere following of the inclinations and temptations of the heart. This, in after years and upon thy death-bed, will afford thee such satisfaction and comfort as the memory of a short

period of passion could never secure. Wherefore, my dear niece, I leave thee to thy resignation as a Christian, to thy obedience as a daughter of the Church of England, to thy pride as a Forster, to bring thee quickly to a cheerful and contented mind. Of this matter, for the present, enough.

'My lord, I am thankful therefor, continues in such health and strength as is surprising in a man of his years. To him belongs the blessing of long continuance in the land. We hear good news concerning the temper of the country, which promises to assume a settled resolution of loyalty. I know very well on which side my niece will be found. Rest assured, therefore, that thou hast in me always the same affection and desire for thy welfare.

'Thy loving Aunt,

'Dorothy Crewe.'

In this way, therefore, did my love-story end. Because my lover was so gallant and comely a man, all other men have since appeared small compared with him. Nor have I ever been able to endure the thought

of a second lover; though many have offered themselves, including that faithful pair who would never take nay for an answer, Peregrine Widdrington and Ned Swinburne. Thus it is that, though an unmarried woman, I have learned to distinguish and to understand very clearly the symptoms of love, which are various, and differ with every man, one becoming melancholy and another joyful, one hanging his head and another dancing, one afraid and another confident; but always the same hungry look in every eye—the same look as I had seen in my lord's eyes, though in him much more noble and dignified. But never again, towards any other man, did I feel the same glow in my own heart, the same yearning—almost too strong to be endured—to see that look again. Therefore, I think that, though a woman may perhaps make a good wife even to a man who has never touched her heart, we are all so constituted by nature that we can love but one man. This is that high and sacred mystery of wedded life, ordained by Heaven for the mutual support and comfort of man and woman. I have missed

that chief blessing, it is true; but I have not missed the gift of a man's love.

It would be foolish to relate how dull were the days and how tedious the duties of the house after my lord left me. A girl crossed in love is ever a sorrowful creature; all such do I pity from my heart, remembering the pain and anguish which at that time I endured. In such a juncture and at the outset there is no comfort in anything—not even in lace and silks; nor any joy in the day, nor any rest at night. For the morning brings the thought that there will be no happiness in the day, and the sun uprising only renews the pain of yesterday; in the night, the face of him who is lost comes back in dreams, and hangs about the pillow like the face of a ghost. I saw that ghost by night and had those memories by day. When Mr. Hilyard read to me, I heard not; when he played sad music to me, I sat in my chair and listened not; when he talked to me, I heeded not. Yet he never wearied in reading, talking, and playing to me, and was a most patient, thoughtful creature. At such time the

things which happen pass before our eyes as in a dream, and we see them not, and think nothing strange. Why, I remember now that Jenny Lee came to me one day, and after saying that she could not bear to see her mistress thus go still in sorrow, telling me she knew how to get from her grandmother a love-potion, which, if I pleased, she would send by a sure and secret hand to Dilston Hall, to bring back my lord, so that, nilly-willy, he should not choose but come. Instead of rebuking the girl, and soundly boxing her ears, I only shook my head and said nothing. Yet this is passing strange —that a servant-maid should offer to practise sorcery, and her mistress should not reprove her.

Let all this pass: time brings patience and understanding. What had been done was for conscience and fair Religion's sake. Afterwards, but not for a year or two, Lady Crewe told my brother Tom what had happened, and it was counted as an honour to us all that my lord had proposed and I had refused.

At this time my father, being now some-

what advanced in years—namely, between fifty and sixty—was aweary of the long journey to London and back, and therefore resolved to retire from the House of Commons. I know not what passed between Lady Crewe and Tom on the subject of living in London, but I suppose that she agreed to bear his charges, so that he should make an appearance in the great town worthy of his position in the county and his place as a Knight of the Shire. Certain it is that he was elected, being the seventh Forster in unbroken line who thus represented his county in Parliament.

When Tom was away, which was now for a great while in the year, I led for the most part a retired life at the Manor House, Mr. Hilyard managing all her affairs for Lady Crewe, though I confess that so great a scholar would have been better occupied in a library. We continued to read together, and in the winter evenings we had music, chiefly of a grave and serious kind, which elevates the soul and leads it heavenward. It seemed as if he was contented, when there was no feasting or fooling, to

lead this quiet life. Often, also, my father would sit with us, especially in the summer evenings, and take a pipe of Virginia with a mug of ale. But as for play-acting, singing choruses, and the like, there was none of it. Nor was there much whisper of what was doing in the world, save for a news-letter which sometimes reached us. Nothing more astonished me when I went to London than the multiplication of news and the swiftness with which the latest intelligence is received and scattered abroad. Again, Mr. Hilyard had often told me that we lived in an age remarkable, even like that of Augustus, for wit, poetry, genius, and learning. Yet of all these wits—of Addison and Steele and the rest—I should have known nothing, except at second hand, had not Mr. Hilyard, by great good fortune, lighted on a complete set of the papers called the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*. It was in the year 1713, and at Alnwick, whither few books find their way. Certainly, I may truly say that I have never received greater pleasure than from the reading of these delightful works. Too often the wits of the age lend their powers

to bringing virtue in contempt, so that a gentlewoman cannot so much as look upon their poems; and if she ventures to the theatre, must, for shame' sake, put on a mask. There is comfort in the thought that such writers receive their reward in the oblivion into which they speedily fall. Neglect, says Mr. Hilyard, is the certain fate of those who impiously seek to make virtue ridiculous.

Each year, when Tom came home, the house was filled again. Once more the cellar was opened; there was feasting, and, in the evening, singing and drinking, with Mr. Hilyard to keep the company merry. Pleasant it was to see Tom, happy, as of old, with every kind of sport, never tired of the things which always amused him, calling for the old songs and the old stories. But there appeared latterly many strange faces, at sight of whom Mr. Hilyard looked glum. They were non-jurors, malcontents, and restless men, who were not satisfied, as most of us in the north, to wait, but must needs be for ever pushing and plotting.

As for Tom's way of living in London, it was this—apart from his Parliament duties,

After a mug or two of small-beer in the morning, he commonly took his dinner at Lovett's, by Charing Cross, a place much frequented by Members of Parliament and country gentlemen. Dinner despatched, he would presently walk to White's Coffee House, in St. James's Street, where no Whig dare so much as show his face. Here would he take a dish of coffee or chocolate, with a pipe of tobacco, and, perhaps, if the weather were raw, a dram of ratafia or Nantz. In the evening he went to the October Club. He was never seen in the Park, or the theatre, or any of the places where ladies resort; and while, on the one hand, he escaped the destruction which the ladies of London sometimes bring upon country gentlemen, on the other, there was no question as to marrying an heiress. An easy man, everybody's friend, and to all the world Tom Forster.

When I asked Mr. Hilyard where the October Club met, he said that he did not know, but certainly as far as possible from Will's. I know that Will's is the resort of wits and poets, and it was easy to understand that Mr. Hilyard meant to imply that Tom's

friends were not remarkable for learning and ingenuity. I dare say this may be so, if only for the reason that most of the Tories are gentlemen by birth; now there is no reason at all why one already illustrious by his descent should seek glory in the contest of wit, in which he may be outdone by some smart Templar, or even the son of a London vintner, like Mr. Hilyard. On the other hand, there are many great wits and scholars on our side, and I hope that Bishop Atterbury, or Lord Bolingbroke, may be acknowledged at least the equal of Addison or Steele. But perhaps, after all, Mr. Hilyard only desired to say a smart thing. There is practised among scholars the art of describing men and things in sharp sentences, mostly ill-natured. They call this art wit or satire, but it is, to my thinking, mostly ill-nature or spitefulness.

'If I were in London, which I fear'—here Mr. Hilyard sighed heavily—'I shall never see again, I would go to the coffee-houses of both sides, and then——'

'What then?'

'I should learn all that can be said against either side. Believe me, Miss Dorothy, there

would be no greater safeguard for your Tory gentleman than to hear the Whig argument.'

'Nay,' I said, 'a Forster must be loyal.'

'Let him be as loyal as you will. But if there is to be fighting let others begin. Her ladyship is much concerned at the continual presence of these nonjurors.'

In the early spring of the year 1712, my maid Jenny Lee ran away from me. I am not able to charge myself with the least harshness towards the girl, whom I treated with kindness from the beginning, although I could not forget the strange things I had myself seen, or else thought I had seen, when at Dilston Hall. But she was quiet and well behaved, and gave me no trouble at all except on that account; and always dutiful, affectionate, and respectful, clever with her fingers, and knowing how to restrain her tongue. I had already designed her in my own mind to marry, when my brother should have no more need of his services, his own man, Thomas Lee (not of the gipsy Lees), a handy and honest fellow, not more given to drink than most, and never drunk until his master was first seen safe to bed. But the end was

otherwise, for one day, hearing that the strolling players were at Wooler, only ten miles away, she could not be restrained, but packed up all she had—in truth, a sorry bundle—threw it over her shoulder, and marched off, leaving a saucy message to Mr. Hilyard, that he only was to blame, because he it was who first showed her how to act; and a crying message to me that indeed I had been a kind mistress to her, and that she begged my forgiveness, but she must needs become a player, and no other way of life was tolerable to her.

In the autumn of the same year, that is, in the year 1712, we heard of Lord Derwentwater's marriage. He was married on July the 10th, to Anna, daughter of Sir John Webb, Baronet, of Canford, in Dorsetshire. His wife's family were Catholics, so that, happily, there was no question of religion between them. She had been educated in a convent at Paris, and I believe that my lord made her acquaintance before he returned to England. By her mother's side she was also of good blood, being granddaughter of Lord Worlaby, and great-granddaughter to the

Marquis of Winchester. He wrote two or three days after his marriage to his cousin, Lady Swinburne, of Capheaton, from a place called Hallenhope, in Gloucestershire, where he lived for two years with his wife, and where his son was born. His letter, which Lady Swinburne showed me, was full of joy, for which I thanked God, praying that his earthly happiness might be continued to him for a long life. We also learned that my lord had further agreed to spend two years in the south of England, among his wife's relations. I know not for what reason this article was asked for, or insisted upon, but I think with the design of protecting the young Earl from the designs and conspiracies of the more violent among his party. If that were the case, then I would to Heaven that they had made the agreement for three years and a half, at least, when all the trouble might have been averted. I am very certain that there would have been no disturbance in Northumberland, whatever they might do in Scotland, but for the certainty that the great families in the county, and especially the Radcliffes, would be drawn in.

I have never charged my lord, either secretly or openly, with inconstancy, yet I confess that, at the first moment, when I heard of his marriage, I felt a pang, which I believe was natural, though it hath since been repented. Such a charge would be most unreasonable, on every ground — that of his rank, because a man in his exalted rank must marry for the sake of heirs; and because, if one woman says nay, there are plenty as good as she in the world—ay, and a good deal better. Then, again, a man may love many women in his life, I suppose, though that we cannot understand. Lastly, his choice was wise, and his wife beautiful, virtuous, and in every way worthy of her rank, and of her husband.

I have told all that concerns the early life of my brother until the time when he became Knight of the Shire. You have seen how he was trained, and how fitted for the part he was fated to play; that is, he was fonder of the country than of town; he never unlearned his country speech and manner; he was loved by all; he was of easy temper; he was but little conversant with books or men;

he was readily persuaded; he was honourable and loyal, true to his word, and to his friends.

In the sequel, it may seem to some that I presume to treat of matters beyond a woman's reach. Though I may be excused if I touch sometimes on these things, I would not, certainly, seem desirous of writing history. The Rising in the North will, I hope, be fitly treated by Mr. Hilyard, who promises to make such a book concerning it as Sallust made concerning the Conspiracy of Catiline (though not comparing its leaders with that bloodthirsty parricide). In this way he will do justice to the actors, and confer immortality upon himself. Sad it would be if so much learning were to be rewarded by no other monument than a tomb in Durham Cathedral.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. HILYARD'S DREAM.

It was late in the summer of 1714 that Lord Derwentwater brought the Countess home. Such was his eagerness to return, and hers to make acquaintance with her husband's cousins, that is to say, with all the gentry of the county, that he started for the north on the very day that his two years expired, namely, on the 10th of July; and, though he travelled with a great company of servants, baggage, and pack-horses, and stopped on the way to see York races, he arrived at Dilston Hall in the first week of August, to the joy and content of his friends and tenants.

As for his brothers, Frank and Charles, they were both in London, but not, I understood, living together, and Charles spending at a

great rate, that is to say, above his income; his uncle, Colonel Thomas Radcliffe, was at Douay, where I hope the poor man forgot his imaginary pursuer; the Lady Mary was gone to Durham, where she had a house; and Lady Katharine to live in a convent at St. Germain's—honoured no more by the Court of the Prince, who was at Bar-le-Duc. Some of the Swinburnes were there to meet the Countess, and Mr. Errington, of Beaufront. Mr. Hilyard also, who was at Blanchland on Lady Crewe's business, went to Dilston to pay his respects. Tom was still in London, and I was at Bamborough, thirty miles away.

When, however, Mr. Hilyard returned, he informed me of every particular, even of her ladyship's dress, of which, for a man, he was observant, and made me understand that the Countess had taste, and dressed in the mode.

'As for my lord,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'he looks certainly older, and is fuller in the cheeks than three years ago; but his carriage is the same. Sure there is no other nobleman in the world like unto him. He was so

good as to inquire of my welfare, after asking after your own health and his honour's.'

'And the Countess?' I asked.

'She is little of stature, but vivacious in speech; her age is twenty; her eyes are dark and bright, and she laughs readily. She has the manners of the town, and will prove, I doubt not, remarkable for her ready sallies; and for a lively temper rather than for the dignity which is so conspicuous in some great ladies—in Lady Crewe, for example. Her own people all declare that she is kind-hearted and generous, though quick of speech.'

'Did my lord seem happy?' I asked.

'There was no outward sign of anything but of happiness,' he told me. 'They are reported to be lovers still, though they have been married two years and more. All testify that never was a couple more truly fitted for each other, and yet——'

He stopped short, but I knew very well what was in his mind.

'And yet, three years ago,' I said, 'he was content to look for happiness with

another woman. Young men sometimes mistake their hearts. Let us be thankful that, this time, my lord hath made no mistake. Those who remain lovers after two years are certainly married as Heaven intended, and will continue lovers to the end.'

And yet, for my own part, I had never forgotten his image, which was graven on my heart. But he had forgotten; he could show every outward sign of happiness. This, I say, being a feeble woman, I could not choose but feel. Afterwards I learned that a man may be happy, and yet not forget tender passages of old. We women are for ever saying, 'A man does this, and a man does that,' making comparisons of ourselves with the other sex, only to find out our own weakness and their strength. 'A wise man,' quoth King Solomon, 'is strong.' He doth not say that a strong man is wise. Yet methinks a man, because he is strong, may attain unto and reach that Wisdom, which is to the soul (also in the words of Solomon) like honey and the honeycomb, more easily than a woman.

'I hear also,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'that the

Countess is red-hot for the Prince; and am sorry to hear it.'

'Why,' I replied, 'surely you would not have her on the other side?'

'Nay; I would have her on the side of safety. Loyalty, faith, and kinship call the Earl into a certain path which is beset with danger. Let Prudence walk beside him, if only to hold him back.'

Of late Mr. Hilyard often spoke thus, showing, though I knew it not, a spirit prophetic. Thus can learning make men foretell the storm, and see clouds to come even in a sky without a cloud. In affairs of State who would have looked for foresight from a simple Oxford scholar of lowly birth? Yet the storm was at hand. The first sign of it came the very next day, namely, the 7th of August, in the year of grace 1714; Mr. Hilyard being in the forenoon on the high-road from which Bamborough lieth distant a mile and a half, or thereabouts, presently saw, making what speed he could along the way (which here is rough and full of furrows, so that to gallop is not easy), a messenger on horseback, who blew a horn as

he went, and cried out with a loud voice unto any he met or passed, or saw working in the fields or in the cottage gardens, or at open door, or in farmyards by the wayside, saying:

'The Queen is dead, good people. Queen Anne is dead!'

With this news in his mouth Mr. Hilyard hastened to tell me.

'Queen Anne is dead!' he said, for the fiftieth time. 'What will they do? Nay, what have they already done? It is a week and more that the Queen is dead. Have they proclaimed the Prince? Is he already sent for? Did the Queen acknowledge him for her successor? Oh that we could hear more! If we knew what they have already done! Why, anything may happen now—a peaceful succession, a civil war, a rebellion—what do we know? And here sit I with folded arms, and can do nothing.'

'You could do nothing,' I said, 'if you were in London, except shout in the streets and get knocked on the head.'

It is a strange delusion of every man that the course of events lieth in his own hand,

and that if he alone were in the right place to order and direct, all would go well.

'Nay,' he replied, 'to shout in the street would be something. Besides, where pamphlets and verses and lampoons are flying, there could I be of use. At such times, a poet makes others shout.'

Then we began again to guess and to wonder what was going to happen. If the Prince had been acknowledged by his sister for her successor, he would probably have been proclaimed on the day of her death. How did London take it? If that were so, it would fare ill with the great Whig lords, like the Duke of Argyll and others, supporters of King William, Queen Anne, and the Protestant Succession. But as for families like ourselves, who had remained staunch supporters of the rightful heir, there would be a time of fatness.

'His honour,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'cannot expect anything short of an earldom. That is the least that can be given to him.'

'But,' I asked, 'how if the Prince surrounds himself with priests?'

'Why,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'that would not

be endured by the City, and a remedy must be found. Else——' he looked so resolute that I trembled for his Highness.

'And what will the Nonconformists say?'

'As for them,' he replied, 'they must sit down and be content. Loyal they will never be. If they are not content, let them follow their grandfathers to America.'

And so on. We made no manner of doubt, after much talking, that the Prince was already proclaimed, and Tom ruffling with the best on the victorious side.

'Heavens!' cried Mr. Hilyard, 'what a sight must it be! The theatres resounding with loyal songs; the houses illuminated; all the brave soldiers drunk; every sour and surly Whig made to put a candle in his windows or have them broken; fighting at every corner; bonfires in every street; oxen roasted whole; conduits running with wine; the City Companies holding high banquet; the universal feasting, singing, and drinking! Not a glum face outside the conventicle. Heigho! What would I not give to be there among them all!'

He then went on to construct the future

history of Great Britain and Ireland, in which he allowed the Prince to remain a Catholic, but exacted of him a pledge that his children should be brought up in the bosom of the English Church ; he would also be suffered to have about him such priests as were necessary for himself alone, Catholics being excluded from any share in Government, and the Ministry being Protestants ; Lord Derwentwater was to be made a Duke ; Tom to receive the rank and title of Earl of Bamborough ; he himself was to be a permanent Under-Secretary, but I forget of what department—I think, however, it was of the Navy, because, like all Englishmen, he loved ships, and was ready at any time to prove that the English fleets were being ruined. As for me, I was to be advanced to the rank of Earl's daughter, and to be styled the Lady Dorothy Forster. An unheard-of prosperity was to reward the whole country for its return to loyalty. Thus, we were to drive the French out of North America, which, from the Gulf of Mexico to the North Pole, was to belong to the English ; we were to establish new trading forts along the coast of India, and oust the

French from their settlements in the East. We were to turn the Dutch out of the Cape of Good Hope ; to extend our trade to China; to occupy the islands newly discovered in the great Pacific Ocean.

'Why,' I said, 'it is a dream of universal conquest.'

'It is more,' he went on. 'We shall establish wherever we go the teaching of the pure Gospel and the Articles of the Church of England; we shall even convert to Protestantism the Irish people, so that they, too, like the rest of the United Kingdom, shall become contented and loyal.'

A thousand other prophecies, projects, and designs he had which I forget or cannot write down, because it makes my head swim only to think of them. Mr. Hilyard's head was always filled with such inventions, fancies, and imaginations.

Unfortunately, all this beautiful structure of history proved to be only what the French call a Château en Espagne, that is to say, a castle in the air, a child's tower built of cards, a dream of the morning. For in a day or two we heard the choking news that

the Elector of Hanover had been proclaimed King without opposition. There were no bonfires for the Prince, no illuminations, no shouting of a loyal mob. The 'Jacks,' we heard, were downcast and despairing. At White's Coffee House the gentlemen looked at each other with blank faces; the Whigs cocked their hats and went with sprightly mien. As for poor Queen Anne, no one, so far as we could hear, seemed to pity her. It is the fate of Kings. In their life-time they are the idols (if they believe all they are told) of their subjects; they are models of virtue and piety; they are endowed by Heaven with genius incomparable; yet when they die no one laments; and the praise is transferred to the successor. Queen Anne is dead. Wherefore, without so much as a 'Poor Queen Anne!' throw up caps and shout for the pious and virtuous Prince who is crossing the sea in the *Peregrine* yacht, no doubt full of love towards his loving subjects.

'Alas!' cried Mr. Hilyard, when he had somewhat recovered the blow. 'To the wise man who hath read history and reflects,

the rocks resound with the clashing of arms, and the rivers run with blood.' He added, one after the other, half a dozen passages from the Latin poets, all of which fortified him in this gloomy opinion.

After this it seemed as if there was no more peace or quietness for us, but for ever disquieting rumours. Mr. Hilyard would ride as far as Alnwick for news, or even to Newcastle. Sometimes Lady Crewe would send me a London letter. In this way we heard that London was greatly disturbed, but the City firm for the Protestant Succession; that men were constantly flogged, flung into prison, and fined for loyalty to the Prince: the air was full of rumours. In the General Election of 1714, Tom was returned again without opposition: he also visited Lady Crewe and the Bishop; I have reason to believe that they advised him again to move with caution and have nothing to do with plots. Alas! he was already drawn in, and now too far gone to recede. Besides, under his frank and easy nature there lay, as we all knew, a loyalty towards his friends which nothing could shake. This was

shown in the end, when others held back and he led the way.

'There is,' said Mr. Hilyard, speaking of this time, long afterwards, 'a point in the history of all conspiracies at which a man, who has gone so far, cannot retire. His honour is at stake—more, his very safety demands that he continue; he is involved in the common ruin or the common triumph. In this respect the history of all conspiracies is the same.'

As for this one, which was hatching, as one may say, for fifteen years, how should I know it, except from such shreds and scraps as Mr. Hilyard hath got for me and pieced together after a fashion? The chief leaders who were known, such as Bishop Atterbury, the Duke of Ormond, and Lord Bolingbroke, had with them men of equal rank with themselves. With them were associated a great number of gentlemen: some of them Irish adventurers, some younger sons, some clergymen, who served as messengers—it was designed by means of these messengers to ensure risings on or about the same day in various parts of

the kingdom. Commands were formed; Tom, for instance, was to lead the Prince's forces in the north, assisted (because he knew nothing of the art of war) by Colonel Oxbrough; honours were to be bestowed and places given to those who faithfully served the Prince. His Royal Highness would himself join the insurgents: at the first considerable success, it was confidently reckoned that the troops would break away and come over to us. As for the Highlanders, they were already safe; our side would give them pay. The Established Church would be left undisturbed: and, as for the Dissenters—why, in the opinion of most of these Tories, there were few punishments too bad for a Dissenter.

'As for me, Tony,' said Tom, partly unfolding this design—but he knew very well that he could trust his man—'as for me, I am assured of a peerage. That, with a grant of land—some of the confiscated estates—and a post in the Ministry, will satisfy me. I am not greedy. Hang it, man—(this bottle is finished; open t'other)—prate not to me of prudence! there are too

many of us embarked not to make it a safe job. Besides, think you, Tony, that I like being my lady's pensioner? What assurance have I that, in the end, she does not throw me over; or that my lord hath devised the Bamborough estates to her, or to me after her death? And then, am I to fall back upon Etherston, where my father is already so crippled that the most he can do is to keep himself, with his wife and children and my brother Jack? What will it be when madam's jointure has to be added? Why, half the gentlemen in Northumberland want such a windfall as a successful rising to put them on their legs again. We will burn all the papers, Tony, and hang up the rascal lawyers, who are Whigs to a man, and would turn honest people out of their own, because they owe a parcel of debt.'

He presently went back to London, and we waited, being pretty sure that the attempt would not be far off.

'Oh!' I cried, 'they are strong men and brave men, and the country is with them! and yet they wait and wait, and the time it passeth by.'

'Nay,' said Mr. Hilyard gently; 'but this business of rebellion and civil war is a most dreadful thing, as well for the right as for the wrong. Certain I am that not without grievous bloodshed, and perhaps a religious war as great and terrible as that in France a hundred and fifty years ago, will the Prince come to his own. Consider, I pray you, the sufferings of the wounded, the agonies of widows and orphans, the ruined homes—alas! the pity of it.'

He stopped, being greatly moved—indeed, since he understood the measure of the danger and the certainty of the design, he had been much cast down—and presently fetched down a great volume, in the reading of which he ever took great delight.

'Let me,' he said, 'read to you something on this subject by the learned Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholie."'

He read a chapter concerning war and its dreadful evils. At the reading I was filled with shame that I should desire so grievous a thing. And yet, what to do, since the right cause must prevail, and there lies but one way?

'The right cause,' said Mr. Hilyard. 'Yes; the right cause, truly. Yet the trouble remains, in all human affairs, to find out the right cause. For, except to women, who are ever certain and sure that they possess the Truth absolute, there is always so much to say, first on this side, then on the other, and that without being a rhetorician or chopper of logic; so that even I, for my own part, do not always discern which is the right. Truly, I think that, in all our human institutions, there is so much of error in the foundation that it infects the whole. For, as to the Divine Right of Kings, how know we who first made the first king? Was it, perchance, some tall and strong man, such as Mr. Stokoe, who elected himself? And have not, in all ages, kings supported themselves by wars—that is, by strength? Would it not have been better to have had no kings? Rome was never so happy as under a Republic, nor Athens as under her Archons; the greatness of Sparta compareth not with that of Athens. Yet, again, is the ignorant and greasy mob to rule all, being swayed by brutal passions and ungoverned desires?'

'Do you mean, Mr. Hilyard, that the Prince's cause is not a holy and righteous cause?'

'I mean, Miss Dorothy, that the cause embraced by his honour, my patron and benefactor, and by you, whose humble servant I am, is also mine, whether it be right or wrong.'

He bowed his head, and his eye glittered. Never before, save when he personated the Prince in the village inn, had I seen a more noble look in his face. He was, it is true, only my lady's steward, and a poor scholar, who had been Tom's tutor, notorious throughout the county for his buffooneries and his singing; yet our gentlemen would have done well had they taken his counsel before they trusted their own.

All this time Lord Derwentwater made no sign, and though an attempt has been made to prove that he was privy to the design from the beginning, it is not true. I say not that he suspected nothing. He would have been a stock and stone, and a fool to boot, not to know very well that serious things were contemplated. But, for his part, he was not

consulted; that is most certain. He wished for nothing but peace and quiet, and the society of wife and children. Yet the men who projected the rebellion knew very well that they were sure of him. It was not only that he was the grandson of King Charles—other sons and grandsons, such as the Dukes of Richmond and St. Alban's, were not ashamed, any more than the Lady Dorchester, once the mistress of King James himself, to attend King George's coronation—it was because he had been the playfellow of the Prince, and was known to be of the highest honour and courage.

Early in the year 1715—I think in March—the Houses of Parliament were opened by the King, who called the attention of both Houses to the assistance which the Prince was expecting to receive. Then we heard that Lord Bolingbroke had fled. Then other rumours reached us; as that search for treasonable papers had been conducted in the barracks; that all officers had been ordered to return to their regiments at once; that the Prince had left Lorraine; that the Earl of Mar had gone into Scotland—what does it matter to set

down all the things we heard and talked in those days?

'How can I tell,' asked Mr. Hilyard, 'which way London doth now incline? In my young days we were all for King William and the Protestant religion; nor can I understand how the better sort—the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, Common Council, and grave citizens—can have changed, unless it be that the stories we hear are true, and that there is not a man about the new Court who is a good Churchman, or even a staunch Dissenter. Indifference and unbelief the City will not endure any more than Popery.'

Then we heard that there was a general flight from London of all the Roman Catholics. This was followed by a proclamation ordering Papists to withdraw to at least ten miles from London; a clergyman in Edinburgh begged the prayers of the congregation for a young gentleman that either was, or would soon be, at sea; riots were reported from Oxford, Birmingham, and other places; and yet the houses and the shipping on the Thames were illuminated when King George went up and

down the river; and a camp was formed in Hyde Park.

'One day in August I received a letter from Lady Crewe, superscribed, 'Haste! Post Haste!' She had, she said, heavy news to communicate about Tom. She had heard from a safe quarter that the Ministry had resolved upon seizing the persons of all the principal Jacobite gentlemen of the north and elsewhere. Among them she knew were included Mr. Thomas Forster the younger.

'I know not,' she added, 'what correspondence (if any) my nephew hath had with the Prince and his friends, or what papers he hath in his possession. Do thou, however, Dorothy, enjoin him strictly from me, if he be riding north (which seems likely, since I have had no late tidings of him), that he burn all his papers, and then surrender himself, lest worse follow, unto the nearest magistrate, until the storm be past. In this counsel the Bishop joins heartily. One must be, he says, in such times as these either the reed or the oak. Tom is not strong enough to be the oak. Let him be the reed, and meet the tempest with bowed head. This for thy private eye.'

We read and discussed this letter all the day. We knew nothing—whether Tom was still in London, or whether we could write to him. Mr. Hilyard was of opinion that, the times being clearly perilous, the safest place for a Tory gentleman was the Tower, and for safety's sake the more of them there the better.

'Because,' he said, 'they will not hang them all, and they dare not hang one.'

It was soon after dark in the evening, the day being the 28th of August, the people of the village being all abed, and the place quiet, that we heard a clattering of hoofs in the road outside, stopping at the gate of the Manor House; and Mr. Hilyard went outside, curious and perhaps disquieted, as one is always before the arrival of misfortune. He returned immediately, bringing with him no other than Tom himself. His shoulders were bent, his face pale, his eyes anxious, his clothes covered with dust and mud.

'Quick, Dorothy!' he said; 'a drink. Let it be October. Quick!'

He drained about a quart of ale, and then set down the mug with a sigh.

'Why—so—that makes a man of me again. I have been in the saddle for fifteen hours, and am well-nigh spent. There hath been as yet no messenger or officers after me?'

'None, Tom.'

'Well, I can lie here, I think, one night. To-morrow I must be up, and away again.'

CHAPTER XXII.

THE FUGITIVE.

After he had taken some supper and was refreshed, Tom began to tell us more.

'Everything,' he said, 'was discovered—I know not by what treachery. The King, who seems anxious not to offend the House, asked permission to arrest six of the members, of whom I was one, so that there was time for warning; and for my own part, whatever the others did, I saddled my horse and rode away, and, I dare say, the messenger after me. But I think he hath not travelled quite so fast, and I may be safe here for one night at least.'

He laughed, but uneasily. In his eyes there was the look of a hunted creature, and he started at the least sound. Presently, however, he became so heavy with sleep and

weariness that he must needs go to bed, and so, messenger or no messenger, threw himself upon his bed and fell asleep.

We sat up late, thinking how best to hide him; yet not so late but that before five in the morning I was up, expecting no less than to find the messenger at the door. But there was no one. Presently, Tom came, awakened by Mr. Hilyard, and grumbling that he could not have his sleep out. But there was no time to lose, for the village was already stirring.

The garden of the Manor House is separated from the sands only by a field of coarse grass. By crossing this field, which can generally be done without being seen by any of the villagers, one can gain access to the castle by the old postern. It was thus that we hurried Tom to his first place of concealment—a chamber known to no one but Mr. Hilyard and myself. It is below the level of the inner bailly, but yet not underground, because its window is above the rock, and looks out across the sand and the sea. The chamber was perhaps once used for a place of confinement, though the window is larger

than one commonly finds in such gloomy places. It is approached by certain vaults now ruinous and partly fallen in, the entrance to which is itself half hidden by broken stones and briars, so that it looks like a broken hole in the wall. Here we thought he might lie hidden as long as he pleased.

At first Tom was as pleased as a child with a new toy. As soon, however, as he felt himself safe from pursuit, he began to reflect that a cell might be secure but yet uncomfortable. So anxious were we about the main point that we gave no thought to anything else, and considered not the wretchedness of waiting all day long in a stone chamber whose window has no glass, and where there is neither chair, bed, nor table, nor any convenience at all for comfort. The conveyance of these things to the chamber without observation or suspicion gave me the first of many lessons in the difficulty of being secret; anybody may easily keep a secret, but no one knows, except those who have unhappily been forced to try, how hard it is to do a thing secretly, so as neither to be seen nor suspected. In a few days, the history of

the warrant and Tom's flight might be known even in this remote village: the messengers would certainly come here in search of him; it was, therefore, of vital importance that his presence should be suspected by no one. How, therefore, all that day I conveyed small pieces of furniture to the end of the garden and dropped them over the wall for Mr. Hilyard to pick up and carry them across to the castle; how, with his own hands, that ingenious man, as ready with a carpenter's tools as with a Latin poem, constructed and fitted first a window-shutter and afterwards a rude kind of window-sash; how he carried blankets, candles, wine, tobacco, and provisions, to the cell, need not be related. No one, from the mere fact of seeing us go up to the castle, would have suspected anything, because it was my daily resort.

At nightfall we carried a goodly supply of supper and whisky to the cell, and there I left Mr. Hilyard, who came not away until Tom was so much fortified by strong drink that he was in a condition not to fear the ghosts of the castle, and was, in fact, already asleep upon the hard bed we had made up for

him with blankets and pillows strewn on the stones.

Thus our charge began. As early in the morning as was possible without causing any who saw to ask why, I went to the castle, carrying breakfast under my cloak. All the morning I sat with Tom. At one o'clock I took him dinner; in the evening Mr. Hilyard brought supper and sat with him.

After a time our prisoner grew peevish, and hard to please. He was anxious to change his quarters, and had it not been for a scare that we had would perhaps have gone off to seek shelter elsewhere. Of this I will speak presently.

He laughed scornfully at Lady Crewe's counsel. It would be safe, he said, for him to surrender when the Prince himself could safely surrender, and not before. There was enough against him to hang a dozen men, if hanging was to begin; and he had left all his papers behind to be seized by the officers.

'When the ship is sinking,' he said, 'a man cares first to get off alive. I knew not when the warrant would arrive, so mounted

and rode away without waiting for anyone. Why, what matters? If they had not taken my papers, they would have taken some other's.'

It was a grave business, indeed; and graver than we looked for at first, when we thought he was to be arrested only on account of his opinions.

'So it is, however, Dorothy,' he said, 'and nothing is left but to push on the Prince's interest. Fear not, child! Why, all is ready; the country is with us; the train is laid. Yet a week or two and thou shalt see an explosion will startle all England. Fortune and rank are before us when we have succeeded.'

'And if we fail?' Mr. Hilyard muttered with serious face.

'Tony,' said Tom, 'I take that for a most peevish, ill-natured speech. "If we fail," he says! Why, do you ask a sailor when he embarks what he will do if the ship be wrecked? or a soldier before a battle, how if he be shot? Hark ye, brother—there is one comfort for me if we fail. I risk my neck, but not my estates, for I have none. So talk

no more of failure, Tony, if you love me.'

Whenever I think of this time, and consider that we were engaged upon so dangerous a piece of work, much I wonder that we carried it through with success. Yet we did, thanks to the extraordinary precautions taken by Mr. Hilyard. For, first, he would have none in the secret at all—no, not even Tom's old companions, Ned Swinburne and Perry Widdrington, though they rode over a dozen times for news of their friend.

To them Mr. Hilyard replied that he had good assurance of his honour's safety, but that until Mr. Forster chose to reveal his whereabouts it would be better for his friends not to inquire. Nor would he suffer any of the people in the village to be informed, nor the maids in the house, saying that these would be the first to be suspected, and, if they were arrested, would certainly, from sheer terror and dread of the whipping-post, tell all they knew. 'Pinch a rat,' he said, 'and he will squeak.' As for the additional food required, we both pretended great and uncommon appetite. Mr. Hilyard, for his part

generally a small eater, though valiant with a bottle, assumed the guise of a desperate trencherman, comparing himself with the Grand Monarque himself, who is said to devour daily enough to maintain ten ordinary people (I mean not in the rhetorical sense, in which he hath devoured—that is, impoverished—his whole country, but in the literal sense). Then, after nightfall, he would steal out, carrying a great basket laden with next day's provisions, to the chamber in the castle, where Tom would take his supper, and they would talk, drink, and smoke tobacco till the prisoner was sleepy. This we did during the whole of the month of August and half-way through September, Tom all the time expecting every day to hear of a rising over the whole country. No news coming to us, he chafed and wondered by what mischance the project was hindered. I cannot doubt that what Tom told me was true, and that so many noblemen and gentlemen all over the country should be in the plot, should have given solemn promises, and should be looking for the business to begin, fills me now with amazement that the result was so meagre.

Alas! it costs more than promises to make a Rebellion become a Revolution.

As for the scare of which I have spoken, it was caused by the visit of Mr. Ridley, Justice of the Peace, with three or four messengers, armed with a warrant to search for Tom. With him was my father, grave and anxious, my brother Jack, and my half-brother Ralph, now a lad of thirteen or fourteen.

'Dorothy,' whispered my father, 'surely thou hast not been so foolish as to hide Tom in the Manor House?'

'Nay, sir,' I replied truthfully, and aloud. 'Tom is not here. Mr. Ridley might like, perhaps, to content himself.'

Mr. Ridley told us that he was charged to look for and to arrest Mr. Thomas Forster the younger; that he had been traced north as far as Newcastle; and that it was believed he had taken refuge in this, his own house. I assured him that he was not there. At first he was for taking my word, but his officers murmured. Therefore he said that he must, with my permission, visit the house. This he did in a civil and discreet manner, being a gentleman of as old a family as our

own, and by no means desirous of finding Tom. They went into all the rooms, one after the other; first my own, with the maids' room beside it; Tom's room next, with his bed ready made, but no sign of its having been used, and Mr. Hilyard's last.

Then the officers whispered together again, and, with Mr. Ridley, rode up to the castle-wall, where all dismounted, and went into the ruins, my father and I following.

'I ask not where he is, Dorothy,' said my father. 'Sure I am that he would tell thee. But is he safe? Mr. Ridley tells me that there is as much against him as against the Duke of Ormond.'

'I believe, sir,' I replied, 'that he is perfectly safe.'

They searched the great keep from top to bottom; they peered down the well; they climbed the broken stairs; they looked into the open and roofless rooms, along the broken walls; and they found nobody. But they did not know of the ruined vaults, where the ground slopes northwards to the postern-gate, nor did they know that in a chamber beneath their feet, looking across the sands, sat at

that moment Mr. Forster himself, with Mr. Hilyard, a tankard of ale between them, and each with a pipe of tobacco in his mouth, as if they had been at White's in St. James's Street.

Then they went away, and so we were quiet, except for our scare. For my own part, I confess that I was pale with terror, and my heart beat, but chiefly on account of the boy Ralph, who still kept running here and there, as if, like the foolish and ignorant lad that he was, he wished to discover his brother's hiding-place; and I was ashamed of myself for being so bad an actor, because my cheeks and eyes made it manifest to some that I was in fear, which made the men continue the search more narrowly.

'Humph!' said my father at length, when the officers desisted from the search, and left the castle. 'Send me Mr. Hilyard to-morrow morning.'

But Mr. Hilyard told him nothing, and so discreetly conducted himself that he left my father in ignorance whether or no he knew where Tom was hidden.

One officer remained in the village. He knew nothing concerning Mr. Hilyard, but thought that if he followed me about he should certainly learn something. Wherefore, I made feigned expeditions, and led him many a pretty dance to Belford, Lucker, Beal, and North Sunderland, and would have taken him farther afield (because he had tender feet), but that my own legs would carry me no farther. While I was thus tramping across the fields, Mr. Hilyard was sitting with the fugitive in his retreat, keeping him cheerful.

And presently the officer went away too, and we heard that they were looking for Tom in the houses of his friends.

'Let them search everywhere,' said Mr. Hilyard. 'I fear nothing but his own impatience.'

Tom could not, in fact, endure the confinement of his cell; once or twice he broke loose, and I surprised him walking about in the inner court of the castle by day, as if secure that no one would enter: it is irksome for an active man to be kept all day long in a little chamber half under-

ground. Then he railed at poor Mr. Hilyard for not taking his friends into confidence; for not bringing him more beer; because his food must needs be cold; because he would not sit with him all day long; and was as unreasonable as a child, taking the service and patience of this faithful creature as if it were a thing to which he was entitled. At night, with his punch and his tobacco, he was easier, and told, over and over again, how he became a conspirator: chiefly because he hoped for wealth, and could not bear to think that he was, save for the small inheritance of Etherston, a dependent on the bounty of his aunt. I think that if Lady Crewe had given him some part of the estate which she designed for him it might have been better. Yet who would assure her that this part, too, would not go the same way as it had gone before? After all, it is the way of the county; Tom was not the only Northumberland gentleman who loved a lavish way of life; he was not the only man who cast in his fortunes (after they were ruined) with those of the Prince

(which, I now perceive, were desperate), in the hope of winning back all, and more. But if he had owned something he might have been content to wait.

Other news Mr. Hilyard got together; as that Lord Derwentwater remained perfectly quiet: Tom declared that he was never in any conspiracy or plot whatever; his house at Dilston harboured none of the secret messengers; to all appearance he was entirely occupied in the management of his estates, and in the new house which he proposed to build, and, indeed, had already begun, but had no time to finish. I have seen a letter written by him in this very month of August, in which he expressed his earnest prayer for peace and quiet, 'of which,' he added, 'we have had so little as yet.' Ah! had this most amiable of men been born in a lowlier station! Could he, without reproach, have spent his life careless of princes and politics, how happy would he have been! Some of us seem especially born for happiness; they evidently desire it both for themselves and for those they love; they are by nature benevolent, generous,

active in relieving those who suffer: such an one was my lord, born to be himself happy and to make others happy.

It was, I remember, on September the 15th, being Friday (a most ominous and unlucky day of the week), that Mr. Hilyard came running home with a face greatly agitated.

'They have begun!' he cried. Then he sat down and looked round him as one who is trying to understand the meaning of things. 'They have begun! Alas! It needed not a prophet to foretell, when the Queen died, the blood which should flow.'

'Who have begun, Mr. Hilyard? Tell me —quick!'

'Let us go tell his honour. He was right; they have begun, and no man can tell the end. It is easy to talk of rebellion; but to play at it—there, indeed! But let us to the castle and tell his honour.'

He rose, and shook his head dolefully.

'What hath been begun?' I repeated.

'The Scots have begun. Four days ago they proclaimed the Prince at Kirk Michael.

I have it from the gipsies, some of whom were there and saw it done. They are reported to be already 5,000 strong.'

This was news indeed. Should we be kept back when the Scots had led the way? Why, in a moment, all the things I had heard since I was a child rushed to my brain. The rising was always to begin in Scotland; it was to be supported by the Highlanders; it was to be followed by risings in Ireland, the West, the North, and the Midland Counties. The project was always the same. And now, after many years, we were to see the great design carried out. The thing was so great, that to think of it actually as begun made one's head to reel.

'Yes,' said Mr. Hilyard gravely, 'his honour will have his chance at last. It is an Earl's coronet—promised by the Chief of a House which is famous, as everybody knows, for keeping promises—the gratitude of the Prince on the one side; on the other—what? At the best, flight in France; at the worst—nay, Miss Dorothy, look not so pale. In war, even in civil war, which is fiercer and

more sanguinary, there are a thousand chances. What! The Prince may be successful; the army, as they hope, may join him; the sailors, as they desire, may mutiny; the people, as they trust, may love Divine Right more than they fear the fires of Smithfield; they may love the comely face of a young Prince more than they dread the Inquisition. What do I know? Even London—all is possible; all—believe me. Wherefore, courage! we are embarked upon an enterprise full of uncertainty. But courage! all may yet go well, though one may still fear the worst.'

With such despondency did Mr. Hilyard receive the news which filled my foolish heart with joy. But he was never a Tory at heart, being so jealous for the Protestant religion, that he could never believe the Church safe under a Catholic King. He went off, therefore, hanging his head, to carry the news to the castle.

Tom received the news with so much joy, that at first he was for throwing off all concealment, and at once proclaiming the Prince on the steps of Bamborough Castle. Then he would ride about openly and resist the

authority of the warrant; or he would take up his residence at the Manor House; or he would enlist as many men as possible, and go across the Border to join the Scots. All these steps Mr. Hilyard combated, pointing out that the pursuit and search after him would be the hotter for the Scotch news; that to resist the warrant would be madness, unless he were assured of his friends' backing; and that no Northumberland men would cross the Border to fight beside the Scots.

'However,' said Tom, 'one thing I am resolved—I will leave this cursed doghole, and that at once. Where else canst thou stow a man, Tony?'

'Why, indeed,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'there is no place so snug as this. But, if proper precautions are used, I see not why Farne Island —but that when all else fails—or Blanchland, or there are dry holes up Devilstone Water, or there are the miners' huts at Allendale, or, if the worst comes to the worst, there are the gipsies, who would take your honour across the Cheviots by a safe path, and so to Lord Mar himself, if you are assured——'

'Assured, man! I am assured of nothing,

save that it is my only chance. But first let me talk with some of my friends.'

He was so restless that, to keep him quiet, we agreed to ride with him to Blanchland, where he might confer with Lord Derwentwater. We rode by night for greater safety, resting at the house of a friend who shall be nameless—of friends there were plenty—in the day. There was to be one more night journey for me with Tom, but of that I knew not then, and rode beside him proud and joyful that the long suspense was to be ended and the battle fought. The God of War is worshipped, I am sure, with as much faith by women as by men. To me, thinking while we rode silently in the light of the moon upon the open moor or in the black shade of the woods, my heart glowed within me, and it seemed as if we were only doing at last what ought to have been done long ago: since the right was with us, the Lord was with us.

'Yes,' said Mr. Hilyard, when I told him this. 'But still I say, happy the man who joins the last, when he is quite sure the Lord is with the cause, and hath proved His favour by manifesting His might. How know we

that, if Heaven intends to interfere, the time for interference hath yet arrived ?'

Thus it is with men who exhort each other to be strong, to have faith, to rejoice in right and justice, and to make poor women feel certain. Yet, when the time comes, there are so many doubts and hesitations that one looks on in amaze, and asks where faith hath gone.

No messengers had come to Blanchland, nor, we found, had any knowledge of the business reached to that place at all. We rested there one night, and the next morning I rose early, and, leaving Tom in this lonely retreat, rode across the moor with Mr. Hilyard, to Dilston, not without some misgivings of my meeting with the Earl (which were unworthy of him as well as of myself).

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHAT WILL HE DO?

When last I saw Dilston it was in the dead of winter; the woods were bare of leaves, and the dark Devilstone Water poured through its narrow rocky banks in a broad stream; now the rocks were hidden with trees and brambles, alder, wych-elm, and rowan, and bright with summer flowers; while, as one stood upon the little bridge, the shrunken water was like a little thread of silver running among great mossy stones.

The courtyard of the castle was full of people—some old men and women waiting for the doles which were freely given every day; some farmers wanting to have speech with my lord; some stable-boys, grooms, and men with guns and dogs. As we went up the

steps which lead to the great hall, he came out himself and met us.

'Why, Mr. Hilyard!' he said, laughing; 'my lusty Tony! how goes it with Mr. Forster?' And here I threw back my hood and he recognised me. 'Dorothy!' he cried, his kind eyes softening; 'my cousin Dorothy!' He gave me both his hands. 'It is four years since we met—and then—you are well and happy, cousin?'

'Quite well, my lord; and as happy as Tom's affairs will let me be.'

'Come, let me take you to the Countess.'

Happiness makes young mothers beautiful. Who could be more beautiful than the woman who rose to meet me, tossing her little boy in her arms, while his saucy hands pulled and tangled her hair rolled back from her forehead? She was small of stature, and possessed bright eyes, and such a quickness of expression as I have never since seen in any other woman. She looked at me so curiously that I perceived she knew something of what had passed between my lord and me. Then she made me sit down, took off my hood with her own hands, and gave

me a cup of chocolate, begging me to rest after my ride across the moor.

'And where is Tom?' asked the Earl.

'He is now at Blanchland, where he much desires to see your lordship. You have not learned, perhaps, that the Scots are in arms.'

'The Scots have risen?' he cried, with change of colour. 'This is great news indeed!'

'The Scots have risen?' cried the Countess, clasping his arm with her little fingers. 'This is good news indeed!'

'I heard it from some gipsies,' said Mr. Hilyard. 'There was a hunting-party, where the Prince was proclaimed; and they are said to be already many thousands strong. Mr. Forster, on hearing the news, left his hiding-place in the castle, and hath ridden to Blanchland, where he desires the honour of a conference with your lordship.'

'I will ride over this morning,' said the Earl thoughtfully.

'But Dorothy will stay with me,' said his wife; 'we will have our conference while you have yours.'

He left us. As he rode away with Mr. Hilyard, he met outside the castle Mr. Errington, of Beaufront, to whom he told the news, and asked for counsel.

'My lord,' said Mr. Errington gravely, 'look around you. To whom do all these fair lands belong?'

'Why, truly,' he replied, 'to myself.'

'Then, my lord, do not, I charge you, risk so goodly an inheritance, save at the sure and certain call of honour.'

I know not what passed between him and Tom, but I believe that Tom was all for action and the Earl for prudence. Meanwhile, we women sat conversing of the children, and of household things, and of my lord's habits and tastes. By many little gentle touches and hints the Countess made me feel that she had heard of me, and how once her husband loved me, and gave me to understand that she was not jealous of any woman, because she knew that she possessed his whole heart (which was, indeed, the case, yet I hope I should never have given her cause for the least jealousy).

My lord came back the same day, and after

supper we had a long and grave discourse, during which I discovered that he was truly much in love with his wife, and uneasy at the mere thought of exposing her and her children to the sorrow and unhappiness which would attend a failure ; that he now regarded the cause of the Prince as becomes one who hath so great a stake to lose ; that the Countess was far more eager than himself (as knowing less of the danger) ; and that he looked upon the news with distrust and suspicion.

'Let us wait,' he said, 'for the English people to give their voice. Without the will of the people the Prince can never return.'

'It rests,' said the Countess, 'with the natural leaders of the people to guide them.'

My lord laughed gently.

'My dear,' he said, 'a Catholic in this country cannot be a leader. Let us wait. Now, cousin, tell us of yourself and of the hearts you have broken since you conquered mine, but kindly gave it back to me for future use.'

The news of the Scottish rising made the

Government more anxious than ever to secure the leaders of the plot in England. Therefore Tom was quickly warned that he must quit Blanchland and seek safety elsewhere. First, he stayed a short while at the house of Mr. Patten, the Vicar of Allendale, and next—but it is a tedious task to tell of all his hiding-places; for wherever he went, presently, by some treachery, the messengers in search of him got upon his track, and he had to change his quarters. Mr. John Fenwick, of Bywell, kept him for awhile, and here he would certainly have been caught, but that the messenger stayed half a mile from the house to get the aid of a constable, so that Tom had just time to escape, leaving his bed warm, so to speak. This Mr. Fenwick was expected to have joined the rising, but hung back, no doubt to his own great satisfaction, when he found how things were going. For this I neither praise nor blame him; on the one hand, a man is right to hesitate when so great a thing as his estate and the fortunes of his children are at stake; on the other, he ought not to raise vain expectations in the minds of his friends. Had all gone out who

were expected or had promised, there might have been seen a different ending.

As for me, I remained at Dilston, and for a fortnight more we expected news, but heard little. Mr. Hilyard went backwards and forwards between Newcastle and Hexham, bringing in such intelligence as he could learn. The Scottish rebels, it was certain, numbered 12,000 men. The Prince was expected daily; they were masters of all Fife, with the seaboard; Colonel Oxbrough, Captain Gascoigne, and Mr. Talbot had arrived at Newcastle to stir up the north, and remind loyal gentlemen of their pledges; the Whigs at Newcastle were bestirring themselves; men were looking at each other and expecting civil war; but London was reported firm for the Protestant Succession, and the Prince and Princess of Wales every day going without fear among the people. And, alas! Lady Crewe, from anxiety for her nephew's safety, had fallen into convulsions, or fits of some other kind, and was lying on her bed grievously ill.

I think it was about the 28th of September that Charles Radcliffe brought us the

news of the warrant issued against Lord Derwentwater. He rode all the way from London to warn his brother; the messenger charged with his arrest was already at Durham.

'Why?' asked my lord. 'What have I done that they should arrest me?'

'You are the Prince's companion and cousin,' replied his brother. 'Is not that enough? They think they will strike the Prince by striking you.'

'Faith!' said Lord Derwentwater, smiling. 'They know not his Highness who think he can be struck through another.'

After receiving this disquieting intelligence, my lord sat for a good while in silence, and we women waited patiently to hear his conclusion. Then he rose, and began to walk up and down the room in grave thought. We sat still with never a word.

'Wife,' he said, at last, 'hast thou any counsel for thy husband?'

She shook her head at first. But he kissed her tenderly, and bade her speak what was in her mind.

'I know,' she said, taking his hand and

kissing it, 'your great love for your children and your wife. You would not rashly do aught to imperil those you love. This I know full well, and am thankful therefor. But—oh, my lord!—remember the days when we were little at St. Germain's, and you were a page of the Prince, and I, with my schoolfellows, did all that women can—prayed for him daily. Should it be said that Lord Derwentwater, when the chance came to bring the King to his own again, hung back, and left to others the honour? Nay, my lord'—(she threw herself upon his neck)—'I know: it is thy life, as well as thy fortune, that hangs upon this chance. Thy life—oh, my dear lord! my dear lord! and mine with it!'

'Sweetheart!'—my lord folded her tenderly in his arms—'were there a chance, believe me, Derwentwater would be the first. Yet, I doubt—I doubt whether the chance be not a forlorn hope. It is already a fortnight and more since we had tidings of the insurrection, and as yet nothing hath been done, so far as we can tell. Patience, therefore. Let not thy quick woman's wit jump to the con-

clusion that the business is done before we know if it be well begun.'

Then he turned to me and said, with his sweet smile, in which present friendship was combined with the memory of the past:

'Fair Dorothy, we have had many talks in the former time over this and other matters: give me thy counsel.'

'Oh, my lord!' I said, moved to tears by the sight of this tenderness, 'what have I to say which her ladyship hath not already better said? Yet I pray your lordship to do nothing rashly, and to think always of your wife and tender children.'

And at that moment the nurse opened the door and brought them in — two little creatures with fair curling locks and blue eyes. The elder, who could walk, broke from his nurse's arms and ran across the floor with outstretched hands, crying to his father. The Earl caught him up and kissed him fondly. When he set the boy down again, his eyes were filled with tears.

'My mind,' he said, 'is made up. I am to be arrested, who have no knowledge of any plot at all. I will surrender.'

He looked at his wife; but she cast down her eyes, and he left the room.

'He will surrender!' said Charles. 'What, without a blow?'

'He will surrender,' said the Countess, 'and I who looked to see him riding gallantly at the head of his regiment——'

I have since that day often considered the case. I think, now, that he was right. For, if he surrendered, it was only one man the less (because he would never force his own people into the service); and, if he did not surrender, he would have to become, like Tom, a wanderer and fugitive, until he was forced, as Tom was forced, into taking up arms.

But in this, as in everything else, fate was too strong for him. He repaired that same day to the house of Mr. B——n, Justice of the Peace (I repress his name for pity, because his repentance must since surely have been as great as his fault was astonishing). This magistrate, after hearing what his lordship had to say, refused (illegally) to accept his surrender (whereby he brought my lord to his death), and persuaded him to return to his

own house again. This my lord did in great heaviness.

'The stars,' he said, 'in their courses fight against me. All are of one mind. They say my death is sought. They will not suffer me to surrender. What next—ah! Dorothy, what next?'

One thing was certain, that, if he did not surrender and would not be caught, he must go into hiding. And this he did. And for nearly three weeks, the great Earl of Derwentwater became a fugitive, living I know not exactly how or where, but in hiding always. And for us who remained behind there was nothing left but to pray and to hope. If we women were Jacobites before, judge what we were now, when all our hopes depended on success! Charles stayed with us, waiting. He was full of courage and of heart, yet even he confessed that London was strong for the Protestant Succession—but London would come round. As for our armies! They should drive King George's troops before them like cattle; why, Lord Mar had with him already 12,000 men, and still they came flocking in—it did one good, at

such a time, to have so gallant and brave a lad as Charles Radcliffe with us.

He knew, as well, that the three secret messengers who usually travelled in the north had arrived at Newcastle, viz.: Mr. John Shafto (who was afterwards shot at Preston); Captain Robert Talbot, a Roman Catholic, formerly in the French service (he was executed for high treason); and Captain John Hunter (hanged at Liverpool). With them were Colonel Oxbrough, who had served under King James II.; the two Wogans, Nicolas and Charles; and Mr. James Talbot (who afterwards escaped from Newgate, but being retaken was executed). Other messengers there were, but I forget their names.

I must not forget that one day, when we were talking about other things, I asked him for news of his brother Frank.

He shook his head.

'Frank,' he said, 'is troubled with a grievous cough, which keeps him much at home. Yet would he have ridden with me north, but was prevented.'

He then went on to tell me that he was

held and bound captive by love, and that with an actress.

'She was in his lodging,' he said, 'when last I saw Frank, and sprang at me like a tigress when I asked him to come with me. "He go a-fighting?" she cried. "Never! for any Prince or King among them all. Go tell my lord that I have got his brother, and am keeping him safe." Strange! Frank is bewitched.'

I thought no more about the matter at the time, but afterwards I remembered it.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MEETING AT GREENRIG.

There are many stories told of Lord Derwentwater's hiding-places ; as, for instance, that he was obliged to conceal himself in the Queen's Cave, where Queen Margaret and her son were kept in safety. It is true he met his wife in Deepden, because it is a retired spot not likely to be disturbed : indeed, there was no need for such hiding in caves, for he had made by his benevolence and generosity friends enough among his tenants and the poor people, who would have died rather than give him up. It was, however, intolerable that a man of his exalted rank should be in hiding at all, and before long there began to be spread abroad in whisper that a council of some kind was to be held.

No one knew whose turn might come next.

The case of Lord Derwentwater might be that of any gentleman in the county. When the meeting was held at which action was resolved upon, there was hardly a man present who did not expect his own arrest. It was at a place called Greenrig, upon the open moor between Blanchland and Dilston. Five years before the same company met together, but then for friendship and for feasting. Then all faces were gay; now all were gloomy. Even with those who were young and those who had nothing to lose, it is a serious thing to draw the sword. My lord's eyes were anxious, and his forehead lined; Tom was grave, his look suspicious, as if a messenger might lurk in every clump of heather. I know not how all were called together, but there came Lord Widdrington; Sir William Swinburne and two brothers; Mr. Clavering, of Callalee; Mr. Fenwick, of Bywell; Mr. Errington, of Beaufront; Mr. Shafto; Mr. Stokoe; and a few others. Charles Radcliffe was there—we all knew what was in the heart of that gallant boy. The Countess was present, her cheek flushed and angry, her eyes flashing. There came with Tom (besides Mr. Hilyard) his

friend, who became afterwards his chief adviser in the field, Colonel Oxbrough, whom now I met (for the Countess and I rode across the moor with Charles) for the first time. I may not speak of the dead with blame, but sure and certain I am that if Tom had not fallen in with this gentleman he might have been now lord of the great Bamborough estates, and these free and unencumbered, as Lady Crewe intended. Colonel Oxbrough was born to a good estate (perhaps he ran through it in the manner common to many Irish landlords): he served under King James: he was a Catholic: in manner, he was unlike any of the other Irishmen engaged in this business, not loud in talk and hectoring like Captain Gascoigne, nor boastful like Captain Wogan, but of a calm, cold way of speech which had more effect than loud and boastful talk; in appearance he was tall and thin, with bright eyes, aquiline nose, and firm lips: in manner he was courtly, and in demeanour mild and thoughtful, always showing great regard to the opinions of the man with whom he conversed. Yet of all the rebels, this man was the most determined; he had made up his mind that

for Ireland (for he cared nothing about England or Scotland) it was necessary that the King should be a Catholic: with that object he would go to the death willingly, but, further, I think he cared little.

The servants held the horses at a convenient distance, and the gentlemen gathered together, some lying on the turf and some standing. The moor, purple with heather and ling, stretched away on every side; there was no chance of interruption. As for the Countess, with whom I came, she stood beside her husband, her hands laid upon his left arm, her cheeks flushed and angry, her eyes flashing, gazing into his face as if she would read his thoughts. As for hers, I knew them.

Then Lord Derwentwater spoke, slowly and seriously. No one, he said, had the interests of the Prince, his lawful King and Sovereign, more at heart than himself. This was so well known, that a warrant was issued, as they all knew, for his arrest; no doubt his fate was determined before he had a chance of striking a blow. He desired at this meeting to take his friends' opinion whether the time had truly arrived for rising in the name of the Prince.

For himself, he could not pretend to know the feeling of the country; he had lived in it but five years, and never in London at all. But he was fully assured, he said, that nothing should be attempted in England, whatever the Scots might do, until it was clear, first, that the voice of the whole country was in favour of the Prince; next, that a rising in one county would be immediately followed by others in all parts; and lastly, that the temper of the army and the fleet should be favourable. 'For, gentlemen,' he continued, 'let us consider, I pray you, not only ourselves, who have a stake in the country which you hazard in this chance and fortune of uncertain war; not only our own lives, which the common soldier risks for sixpence a day, and every sailor who goes afloat; but also our wives and children, who will be ruined with us if we fail. Remember the many grievous cases after the late unhappy Civil War, when English noblemen and gentlemen were almost begging their bread in France and the Low Countries. Also let us consider those poor faithful creatures, who will take pike and firelock and follow our fortunes. Therefore, I say, unless

the way is made plain to me, I will not so far weaken the Prince's cause as to throw away foolishly my fortune and my life.'

At these words there was a murmur of approbation; but the Countess clutched at my hand, murmuring, 'Oh! he knows not his own strength. He has but to declare himself!' Then the gentlemen looked upon each other, and then upon Tom, who presently spoke. What he said was simple and in plain words, for he was no speaker, to the effect that his own part and share in the design was so great, and his name so fully involved, that there was no hope left for him, save in the success of the undertaking; that he was resolved to live no longer the life of a fox in a hole, but should, unless something was determined at this meeting, ride straightway across the Border and join the force of Lord Mar. As regarded the other gentlemen, each knew for himself how far he had gone, and whether it was safe to go back or go on, and he should not say one word to persuade anyone into an enterprise which might lead to fortune or might lead to death. Every

man had his own life in his hands, and sometimes it was necessary to stake that life in the game. And so on, speaking, as it seemed to me, very sensibly and to the point, concluding by saying that he, for one, would draw and persuade no one to follow him.

'He is not a man of books,' whispered Mr. Hilyard; 'but Demosthenes could not have pleaded the cause of the Prince more artfully.'

Lord Widdrington followed. I knew little of his lordship, except from hearsay, and therefore I refrain from speaking about him. He was a Catholic, and at this time about thirty-eight or forty years of age, married to the daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Tempest, of Stella; he was also the grandson of Lord Fairfax, and therefore a cousin of my own. His family were lords of Widdrington even in the reign of Henry I.; one of them was killed in an engagement with General Lilburne during the Civil Wars; another fell at the Battle of the Boyne; the present lord is brother-in-law to Lord Langdale, whom his sister married, and to Mr. Townley,

of Townley, who joined the Rebellion, but was acquitted. Other connections his lordship had which proved fortunate for him in the end, when all those who had interest, save one or two, managed to get a pardon. Lord Widdrington said, briefly, that it was clearly the duty of loyal gentlemen to take every opportunity of pressing forward the cause of the lawful Sovereign, and that he, for one, should be pleased if the gentlemen present should think the time opportune, and the hope of success so reasonable as to justify them in taking up arms. 'But,' he added, 'I applaud the maxim of Lord Derwentwater, that for the Prince's friends to get killed, and their property confiscated, would be a poor way of helping his Highness.' And with that he ended.

Sir William Swinburne spoke next to the same effect; and then Colonel Oxbrough, seeing that no other gentleman had anything to say, took off his hat and begged to be allowed speech. He said, speaking without any passion, and in a low voice and slowly, that, in his serious opinion, the times were never more ripe for action; that since

the death of the late Queen men had been looking at each other in wonder that nothing was done; yet he, for one, would be slow to accuse the loyalists of England of indifference, since he was persuaded that nothing was wanting except a leader and an example. 'Why, gentlemen,' he went on, 'here is before our eyes an example which is better than myriads of words. The Earl of Mar began with a thousand men, and hath now with him fully twelve thousand. His army is like a ball of snow, gathering strength as it rolls onward. Do you wish for a better example? Ireland is waiting for the signal; in the west of England they are also waiting; Cumberland and Lancashire are full of loyal men; London counts thousands of the Prince's friends; his Highness is even now preparing to cross over and take the field in person. What better opportunity can you have? What more can you desire? If any other consideration were wanting, there is the fact that you are all very well known for the Prince's friends. What private promises you may each have made I know not, but would have you remember that

treachery hath already been at work; I doubt not that in a few days you will be secured and clapped into separate prisons, or hurried away to London, where you will be severally examined, and none will know what the others will answer; so that for very fear of betraying one another you may verily do it. This, gentlemen, is a disagreeable thing to contemplate. Yet there seems, in my humble opinion, only one way to prevent it.'

Well, still they looked at one another, for no one would be the first to propose so grave a step. Colonel Oxbrough stood silent, with grave composed look, and made no sign of impatience. But then the Countess herself sprang into the middle of the circle, and with the air and manner of a queen, flung her fan upon the ground before them all, crying, 'Take my fan, then, gentlemen, and give me your swords!'

My lord's face flushed crimson, as he picked it up and restored it to her.

'Gentlemen,' he said, quietly, 'enough talking.'

He took off his hat, and drew his sword,

crying, 'God save King James!' All their swords flashed, and every man tossed up his hat, crying, 'God save King James!'

'Why,' said Colonel Oxbrough quietly, 'I knew there could be but one end. Madam'—he bowed low to the Countess, who stood with clasped hands, panting breast, flushed cheek, and parted lips gazing upon her husband—'Madam, as it was said of Queen Elizabeth, so shall it be said of your ladyship—"Dux fœmina facti."'

Mr. Hilyard, who stood behind me, and had no sword to draw, groaned and sighed, but nobody heard him except myself.

'Alas!' he said, whispering, 'Colonel Oxbrough is a dangerous man: he knows that with many the surest spur to courage is fear. That is why, in the ancient temples, Fear is represented and painted with a lion's head. It is fear which drives them all. His honour is afraid because he knows not how much hath been reported of his sayings, meetings and conspiracies in London; yet sure I am he would have done better to give himself up, and so have obtained a pardon after reasonable delay. As is Mr. Forster, so

are the other gentlemen, who are all afraid, and with reason. I except my Lord Derwentwater, who would have had us wait—but his hand was forced. Pray Heaven there be hereafter no cause for repentance!'

After the shouting there was much talking together and discussion, in which Lord Derwentwater took little part, standing silent and contemplative. When everyone had had his say, mostly in a confused babble, there was silence, and Colonel Oxbrough was heard recommending or suggesting. At last all was resolved upon. On the following morning they were all to repair to the Greenrig Burn, there openly to band together in the name of King James.

So they parted; Lord Derwentwater with the Countess, Mr. Errington, Sir William Swinburne (it was lucky for Sir William that he was persuaded by his lordship to go home, and to stay there awhile), his two brothers, Lord Widdrington with his two brothers, and two or three more, rode back to Dilston; Tom, flushed and excited, to Blanchland, with the rest of his friends, among whom, I forgot to mention, was Mr. Patten.

'Sir,' said this worthy minister, 'I now venture to ask a favour of your honour.'

'What is it?' asked Tom; 'I think this is a time for action, not for asking favours.'

'It is, sir, that your honour, who, I hear, will receive the King's commission to command his Majesty's forces in England, will be graciously pleased'—here he bowed down to the ground—'to confer upon me, unworthy as I am, the office of chaplain to your honour.'

'Why,' said Tom, 'if that be all, my chaplain shalt thou be. And you, Tony, don't look glum. Think you that there shall be no more feasting and drinking? Wait, man, till we have got the Prince to St. James's, and then will we make a night of it!'

'At such a juncture,' said Mr. Patten severely, 'Mr. Hilyard can surely think of something besides drinking and playing the fool.'

'I think, besides,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'of Rehoboam and his counsellors.'

'Dare you maintain, sir——'

'Hark ye, sir!' Mr. Hilyard replied;

'meddle not with me, chaplain or no chaplain. The only favour I ask of his honour is that I may follow him and serve him in the field as I have served him at home. I dare say I shall be able to carry a musket as well as any ploughboy in the ranks.'

'You to fight! Oh, Mr. Hilyard!' I exclaimed.

'Nay, sister,' said Tom, 'all shall go who will. Yet I drag none against his inclination. Tony, give me thy hand, honest friend. Fight beside me, or stay at home with Dorothy, as thou wilt. If we come well out of this, old friend, of which I make no doubt, thou shalt see I am not ungrateful. My poverty thou knowest, but not my wish to reward thee for all these years of service.'

The tears came into Mr. Hilyard's eyes; he looked as if he would have spoken, but refrained.

They had a merry evening, after all, with shouting enough for the whole of the great army they were going to raise, and Mr. Hilyard singing as if he was the most red-hot Jacobite among them all. Perhaps at the moment, with the whisky punch before him,

and amid the shouts and applause of his friends, he thought he was.

It is not for my feeble pen to write a history of the events which followed. What do I know of armies and of battles? I stayed at Blanchland alone, except for my maid and the rustics of that retired place, seeing no one save from time to time when I rode across the moor to Dilston, and learned all that the Countess could tell me, which was little. Had we been able to look into the future, which is mercifully withheld from us, we should have been wretched indeed. Women can only believe what they are told. Did not Colonel Oxbrough promise a general rising? We were strong in hope, having little fear for the issue, but only for the chances of battle. Victory was certain, but brave men must die before the trumpets of the victors blow.

In the morning early the gentlemen were in the saddle.

'Courage, Dorothy!' said Tom; 'we are going to certain victory. Farewell, dear lass.'

So he bent from his saddle and kissed me,

and then clattered away under the old arch, and rode off gaily with his friends. The next time I saw Tom he was again with his friends, but, alas! in different guise.

The last to go was Mr. Hilyard, equipped for the first time in his life with a musket and a sword, and two great horse-pistols stuck in his holsters; but he showed little confidence in these weapons.

'So, Miss Dorothy,' he said, 'I go a-fighting. For myself, I have little stomach for the sport. I think we be all fools together. Heaven send us safe home again! Phew! I am sick already of bullets, as well as of marching and shouting. Farewell, sweet mistress. Alas! shall I ever come back to be your servant again?'

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FIRST DAYS.

Needs must that I say somewhat concerning the first days of this unlucky Rebellion, because many things foolish and false have been said and written concerning its early beginning. And first, it is most true that not one gentleman joined (except, perhaps, the Earl) who was not possessed beforehand of a general knowledge (I say general, not full and particular) of the design, and had pledged his honour to carry it out when called upon. Yet nothing was decided upon until the meeting, wherefore all spoke truth in saying at their trials that the business was not premeditated. This being so, I hope that no one will repeat the idle accusation which has been brought against my brother that he drew them all in. In truth, there

came but two who can be fairly charged upon him. One of these was Mr. Craster of Craster, and the other his cousin, Tom Forster, afterwards hanged at Liverpool. Lastly, I declare that not one among them all would have moved but for the things they were told by the secret messengers, such as Oxbrough, Gascoigne, and Talbot — I mean such things as have been already repeated concerning the temper of the country. Never was a company of honourable gentlemen (as I have since fully learned) so vilely deceived and betrayed to their own destruction as these unfortunate gentlemen of Northumberland. Had I known then what now I know, I would myself have stabbed Colonel Oxbrough to the heart with my scissors. For there was no rising in the West of England at all, and only a riot or two in the Midland Counties; nor any rising in Ireland, where most we expected and looked for one; and as for the great promises which we had, it will be seen presently to how much they amounted. Yet the poor gentleman may himself have been deceived, and in the end he met his death with great fortitude.

There were about twenty gentlemen who rode out with Tom. They were, if I remember rightly, Mr. William Clavering, of Callalee, and his brother John; Mr. George Collingwood; four Shaftoes—namely, Mr. William Shafto, of Bavington, and three others; Mr. George Gibson; Dick Stokoe; Mr. George Sanderson, of Highlee, and Mr. William Sanderson; Mr. Will Charleton the younger, of the Tower; Mr. John Hunter; Mr. William Craster; my cousin, Thomas Forster; Mr. Thomas Lisle; Mr. Thomas Riddle the younger, of Swinburne Castle; Mr. John Crofts, of Wooler; Mr. John Beaumont; Mr. Robert Cotton, and Mr. John Cotton, his son. With them rode Mr. Patten and Mr. Hilyard, the former swelling like a bishop (as he already thought himself), in a new cassock and great wig, and the latter riding last, with anxious face. Some of them rode out from Blanchland, but most came from Hexham.

They made no stay at Greenrig, but, thinking the place inconvenient, they rode on to the top of an adjacent hill, called the Waterfalls, whence they presently discerned Lord Derwentwater approaching with his friends.

It hath been reported, and I have never heard to the contrary, that on the evening before he left the home to which he was to return no more, and in the grounds of his house, the Earl met a ghost, or spirit, who spoke to him, and promised (being one of those spirits who are permitted to tell the truth with intent to lead astray) that he should never fall in battle. I know not how this may be: I saw and spoke with my lord but once again, and he made no mention of this circumstance. But I am well assured that all night long his favourite dog howled and cried; and, when he mounted his horse in the morning, the creature reared and backed, and could not be persuaded to advance; which makes me think that a friendly spirit barred the way, as was done unto Balaam a long time ago—only, in this case, the angel became not visible; and, when one of the grooms led the horse forward, he fell to trembling, and became covered with sweat and foam. Moreover, my lord found, soon after starting, that the ring which he always wore (it had been his grandmother's gift to him) was lost or left behind. In spite of these ill omens and manifest warnings, he

bore himself with a cheerful countenance; and, if he had misgivings, communicated none of them to those around him, who were, indeed, a joyful company, laughing and racing as they rode. He had with him his brother Charles; Lord Widdrington and his two brothers; Mr. Edward Howard, brother of the Duke of Norfolk; Mr. Walter Tancred, brother of Sir Thomas; Sir William Swinburne's two brothers, Ned and Charles; Lord Widdrington's brother-in-law, Mr. Richard Townley; Mr. Errington, of Beaufront; Mr. Philip Hudson, uncle to Lord Widdrington; and one or two others. The numbers of the gentlemen thus joined together amounted in all to about sixty horsemen, of whom twenty were servants. This was not, to be sure, a large force with which to take the field against King George's armies. But they expected no more at the beginning, and rode north that day to Rothbury, the news of what was doing spreading like wildfire through the country. At Rothbury their numbers were much increased; though, for the present, they would enlist none of the country people, only bade them sit down and wait, for their

time should come before long. Now this, Mr. Hilyard hath always maintained, was their first and capital error; for they should have listed all who came that were able to carry pike and firelock, and not to have refused any. Then, whether their army were well or ill-equipped, the fame and rumour of the great numbers flocking to them would have been spread abroad, and so many thousands encouraged to enlist. Besides, those who would have joined, on seeing the gallant show of gentlemen and their mighty following, lost heart, or became cold, when they had passed by, and remembered only the danger when their offers to join might have been accepted with joy. However, this was only one of the many mistakes made, Colonel Oxbrough, the principal adviser, being one who knew not the country, and vainly imagined that the rustics of Northumberland are as hostile to the Government, and as full of hatred, as are the wild kernes of Ireland, which was a great mistake to make.

Next day, being Saturday, the 7th of October, they marched upon Warkworth; and there, at the gates of the old castle, the

General (no other than Tom), wearing a mask—but why, I know not, because all the world knew him—proclaimed King James III. of Great Britain. It was done with trumpet and drum, and one acting as herald (I suspect, Mr. Hilyard; but he hath never avowed the fact). On the next day, being Sunday, the General sent orders to Mr. Ion, vicar of the parish, that he should pray for King James; and, on his refusing, commanded Mr. Buxton, Chaplain of the Forces (Mr. Patten being, as it were, Domestic Chaplain to the General), to read the service, which was done, and a very stirring sermon was preached, full of exhortations to be manful to the cause, and to fight valiantly. On Monday, the 10th, they rode to Morpeth, and there received seventy gentlemen from over the Border. They were now 300 strong, and all gentlemen. Had they taken all who offered, they might have been 3,000 strong. Here they were all rejoiced by the news that Mr. Launcelot Errington, with half a dozen companions, had boldly captured the castle on Holy Island. They did not hold it long; but

it is by such feats of bravery that the hearts of others are uplifted. If they could keep the place, they could signal friends at sea, who were expected daily, with supplies of arms and officers. At Morpeth they again proclaimed the Chevalier. Here they were joined by a good many other gentlemen; but still they refused the common people. Now, considering that foot soldiers are the greatest and most important part of an army, it seems madness not to have taken them. 'A dozen times,' Mr. Hilyard hath said since, 'was I tempted to proffer my humble counsel to the General; but refrained, seeing that I was the lowest of the gentlemen volunteers, and he now surrounded by noblemen and officers. Yet I would to Heaven I had had but a single hour with him alone over a pipe, as in the old days, when he would honour me by asking my mind!'

Another dreadful mistake, though one which was afterwards pleaded in excuse, was that the gentlemen did not bring with them every man that could be raised. Lord Derwentwater, for example, could have raised and armed well-nigh a thousand men; yet he

brought none with him, except half a dozen servants.

'They were struck,' said Mr. Hilyard afterwards in London, 'with that kind of madness, in virtue of which men do nothing right, but see everything as through a distorted glass, and so commit one fault after another, and do all wrong. It is not a phrensy, ecstasy, or the fury which comes from love, study, or religious fury, but one which deprives the reason of judgment, the body being sound and well; and is, I doubt not, a demoniacal possession, permitted for high purposes by Heaven itself, against which we ought to pray. Who but madmen would have refused to enlist the common sort? Who but madmen would have left behind them their own people, who were an army ready to hand? Who but such would have gone into a campaign without arms, ammunition, ordnance, provisions, or any thought for supplying them?'

Their first design was to get possession of Newcastle, of which town they had great hopes; and they sent Charles Radcliffe forward with a troop of horse to take and hold

Felton Bridge, which was done with great valour.

And here they met with their first disappointment, expecting that Newcastle would open its gates to them, whereas, on the contrary, the gates of that city were closed tight, and the citizens and keelmen armed, and the friends of the Prince had to lie snug and quiet. There is no doubt that they were promised the town would receive them, and a great accession to their strength it would have been, being strongly fortified, rich, populous, and inhabited by a sturdy and valiant race of men, most of whom would have followed the rising tide of success. However, this failed, and on the 18th of October the town was occupied by General Carpenter with Hotham's Regiment of Foot, and Cobham's, Molesworth's, and Churchill's Dragoons. Meantime, therefore, the insurgents withdrew to Hexham, where they stayed three days, the men billeted upon the inhabitants, but all well-behaved and among friends, though the vicar refused, like Mr. Ion of Warkworth, to pray for King James. Here the joyful news came that Lord Ken-

mure, with the Earls of Nithsdale, Carnwath, and Wintoun had taken arms in the south of Scotland, and had set up the King's standard (worked by Lady Kenmure, very handsome in blue silk, with white pennants) in the town of Moffat. After a little marching and enlisting they crossed over the Cheviots, Lord Kenmure commanding, and came to Rothbury, whence they sent a message to General Forster to know his mind. The latter replied that he would join them, and accordingly the English forces marched north and joined the Scotch; after which they crossed the Border again and went to Kelso, where, on the Sunday, Mr. Patten preached a very stirring sermon from the text, 'The right of the firstborn is his,' handling the subject, as Mr. Hilyard assures me, most masterly.

On the Monday the men were drawn up in the market-place, where, the colours flying, the drums beating, and the bagpipes playing, the King was solemnly proclaimed, and the Earl of Mar's manifesto read aloud. Their army consisted now of about 1,500 foot and 700 horse, to oppose whom General Carpenter had no more than 900 men, horse and foot,

and these raw soldiers for the most part. There were, therefore, two courses open to them —I mean sensible courses—either they might march northwards and attack the Duke of Argyll's army in the rear, which would greatly strengthen the Earl of Mar and embolden his followers; or they might cross the Border again and fall upon General Carpenter before he got any reinforcements. Thus would they strike a most telling blow, and one that would encourage the whole party in England. But alas! counsels were divided; there were jealousies between Scots and English; the Scottish officers refused to enter England, while the English would not enter Scotland. They therefore marched without purpose or aim, except, as it seemed to friends and foes alike, with intent to escape General Carpenter, along the northern slopes of the Cheviots, until they came to Langholm in Eskdale, where it was resolved, against the opinion of Lord Derwentwater, to invade Lancashire, most of the gentlemen believing (on the faith of promises and the assurances of the Irish officers) that in this Catholic county 20,000 men would rise and join them. The sequel

shows how much reliance could be placed on these assurances. On the way south a good many of the Scots deserted and went home; on Penrith Fell they encountered, being then about 1,700 strong, the whole body of militia, called together and arrayed by the sheriff, armed with pitchforks, pikes, and all kinds of rustic weapons. They numbered 10,000, but at sight of the insurgents they turned and ran without a blow being struck. It was a bloodless victory, and ought to have raised the spirits of our men; but it did not, because the leaders were already dashed (and showed it in their bearing) by the smallness of their numbers and their own dissensions. The only men among them all, Mr. Hilyard tells me, who kept their cheerfulness were Charles Radcliffe, Colonel Oxbrough, whose courage and calmness no misfortunes could depress, and Mr. Patten, who, until the end came, could not believe that an army in which were so many noblemen and gentlemen could fail to be victorious. After occupying Appleby, and obtaining a good number of horses, also saddles, firelocks, and other useful things, they were joined by some of the Catholic

families of Lancashire, together with a few Protestants; but as for the 20,000 men who were to rally round them, they were nowhere visible. At Appleby about 500 Scotsmen deserted the camp, and marched homewards again, selling their guns as they went for food. Among them were sixteen or seventeen gentlemen of Teviotdale, who liked not the prospect. I would to Heaven that every man had deserted, and the whole army had melted away! From Appleby they marched to Kendal, where Tom's godmother, Mrs. Bellingham, was living; but she refused to see her godson, being all for the Protestant Succession. From Kendal they made for Lancaster, which they entered on the 7th of November, and there, indeed, they expected great additions, but I cannot hear that many came in. They stayed at Lancaster for three days, and were hospitably received by the ladies, who dressed themselves in their bravest, and invited the gentlemen to drink tea with them. On the 10th of November they reached Preston—which was to prove the end of their invasion. Here they were joined by nearly a thousand Catholics and their followers. And,

as I have enumerated most of the Northumberland gentlemen, let me also set down some of these Lancashire names who, to their honour, were so loyal to their Prince. They were Mr. Richard Chorley, of Chorley, and his son Charles (the father shot at Liverpool, and the son died in gaol); Mr. Ralph Standish (pardoned); Mr. Francis Anderton (sentenced, but pardoned, though I believe he lost his estate of £2,000 a year); Mr. John Dalton and Mr. Edward Tildesly (both pardoned); Mr. Richard Butler, of Raclife (died in Newgate), and Mr. John Beaumont (escaped); Mr. Hodgson, of Leighton Hall; Mr. Dalton, of Thurnham; Mr. Hilton, of Cartmel; Mr. Butler, of Rowcliff; and others whose names I have been told, but have forgotten. I must not omit the unfortunate Mr. William Paul, clerk, Master of Arts, of St. John's College, Cambridge. This poor man, the Vicar of Horton-on-the-Hill, Leicestershire, gave up his living, and trudged north, dressed in a blue coat, laced hat, long wig, and sword, as if he was a layman, to join the army (and meet an ignominious death, as it proved, upon the scaffold), and all, I believe, because his

old friend Tom Forster, who was kind to him when he was a poor scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge, was General. He not only joined the army, but he did excellent service in bringing news of General Carpenter's strength and movements.

At Preston great hopes were raised, so many coming in, whose rebellion of a day or two cost them dear. Reports were brought from Manchester that the leading people in the town were well-disposed towards the Prince. Lord Derwentwater himself went thither secretly, and held a meeting with some of the gentlemen there in order to arrange for a rising, but I have not heard with what success. Then it was expected that the Duke of Ormond would have joined them with at least 3,000 men. I know not, nor have ever been able to learn, why nothing was done in Ireland or in the West of England. Opportunities lost never return, and although I am convinced that never in the history of the world were gentlemen more deceived, yet I cannot understand why, the cause itself being so righteous, the end was not more successful. All might have gone well. Alas! where was

the prudence? The English General (my poor brother) had no military knowledge, and, though he was advised by Colonel Oxbrough, the lords and gentlemen of the council were too proud to be led by him, and Tom was not strong enough to command. How could he command his old friends and fellows against their will?

Meantime, while they were considering whether they should advance on Liverpool, General Willes had joined General Carpenter, and was marching on Preston, resolved to attack the rebels with such forces as he had. Look now! King George's troops were but 1,000 in all, or 1,200 at the most, and the insurgents had nigh upon 3,000! Doth it not make one's blood boil to think how, being more than twice their enemy in number, brave men's lives were thrown away, and a righteous cause destroyed? But to enumerate the mistakes made by our people makes me sure that the blessing of Heaven was withheld from the very first, we know not why, and it is well not to inquire too closely. Weak human wit cannot discover why the Right doth not always triumph, or why, for

the sins of princes, the people should be punished.

'I know not,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'what was said and proposed at the councils of war, save that Mr. Charles Radcliffe came from them always in a rage, and the Earl hanging his head, and the General troubled and perplexed. I think that if Colonel Oxbrough's advice had been taken, things would have put on a different face. A quiet and resolute gentleman, who at the worst never showed the least resentment when his advice was not taken, nor any indignation when Scots and English quarrelled, nor spoke an evil word against those who broke their promises, but took all as part of the day's work, and went to the gallows as calmly as he went on parade. This it is, methinks, to be a soldier!'

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